

M. L.

Gc
929.2
St859w
2041186

**REYNOLDS HISTORICAL
GENEALOGY COLLECTION**

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1833 01433 4145

THE LIFE OF
HORACE STRINGFELLOW

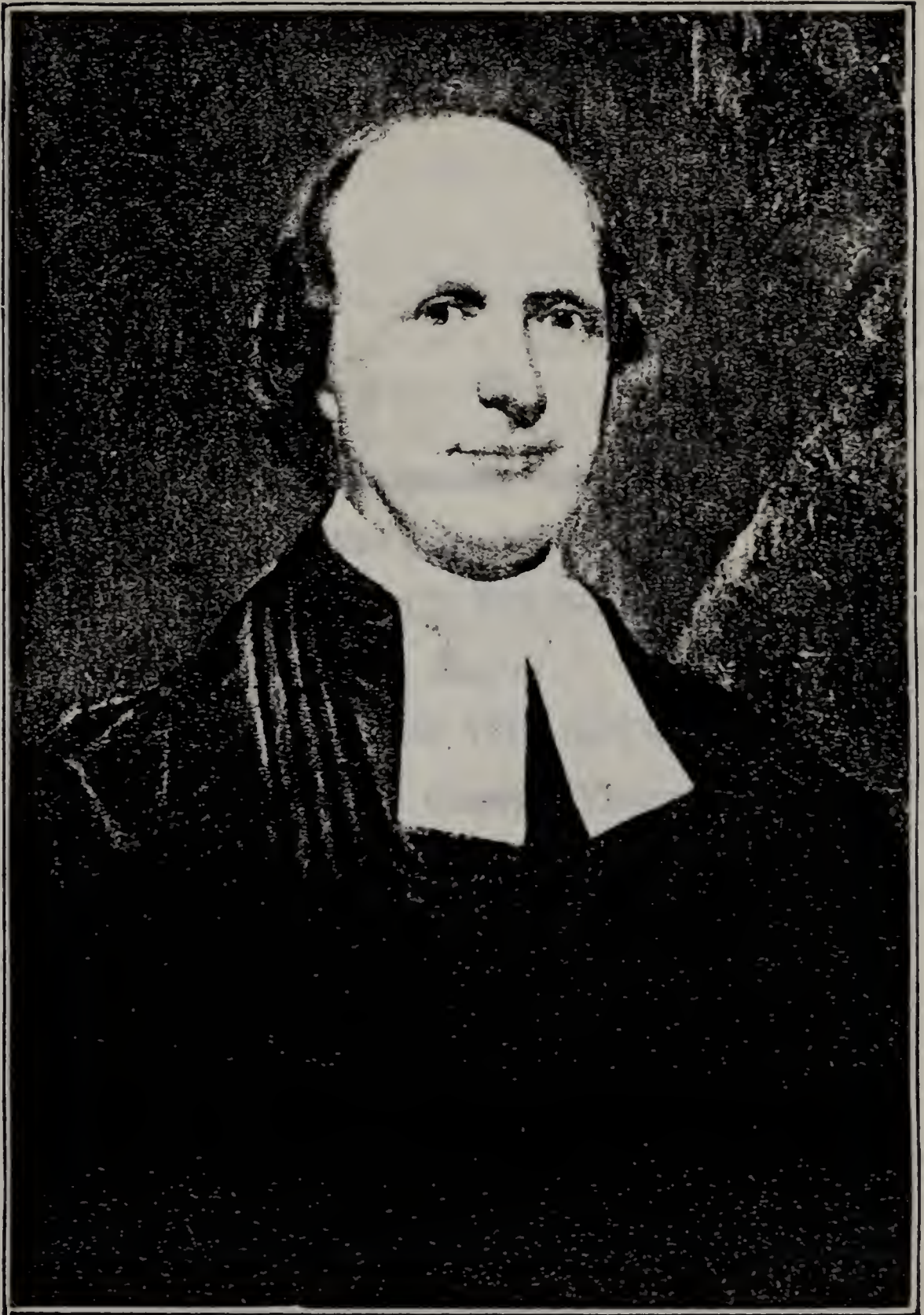
WITH
SOME INSTANCES IN THE LIFE AND WORK
OF HIS DESCENDANTS

BY
LIZZIE STRINGFELLOW WATKINS

1931
THE PARAGON PRESS
Printers and Publishers
Montgomery, Alabama

027
79 7990 12

2041186



HORACE STRINGFELLOW

Rec'd May 1-1949

Affectionately Inscribed
to the Grandchildren of
REV. HORACE STRINGFELLOW,
Son of
ROBERT OF THE RETREAT,
Culpeper County, Virginia.

1874

FOREWORD

I have always thought it to be the duty of some member of a family to put on paper what she knows of her ancestors. But, as long as I was one of eleven grown children, the duty did not weigh heavily upon me. Now that ten have passed on, it looks as if I would have to do what several of the others could have done very much better.

The greatest trouble I foresee is the abundance of riches, meaning the large number of descendants whom I should like to mention by name. But that condition will have to be considered as I come to it.

The fact that I am in my eighty-fifth year and that great great grandchildren are beginning to arrive acts as a stimulant. So with cold feet and none too steady a hand I shall jot down what I know to be true of your forebears.

LIZZIE STRINGFELLOW WATKINS.

February 1st, 1930.

Copyright, 1931

By

LIZZIE STRINGFELLOW WATKINS

Pike Road, Ala.



CHAPTER 1

THE BEGINNING

According to family records, your 'cousin' George, like many another Englishman, came to Virginia in search of fortune or adventure in the year 1720. The only thing he seems to have brought with him was the family coat-of-arms which his American descendants valued so lightly that they allowed it to be misplaced. But it could easily be found by a younger woman.

As I have neither time nor strength to tell of him or his immediate descendants, I shall have to skip along to your great grandfather Robert, who married Nancy Herndon of Fredericksburg in 1797. But I shall first say that, up to this time, none of the name has ever graced a penitentiary, and five of them have preached the gospel as it was taught in theological Seminaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. You have, therefore, much for which to be grateful. Your great grandfather, Robert—"of the Retreat", as he was called to distinguish him from his father of the same name—had five children: two sons, Horace and Rittenhouse, and three daughters, Harriet, Susan and Eliza. In his earlier days he was a very successful merchant of Fredericksburg. While there, his eldest daughter Harriet married John Byrd Hall, a druggist of high standing, son of Dr. Elisha Hall who was the family physician of Mary Washington. The second daughter Susan married John S. Walker of Madison County and their son Robert founded the well known Woodberry Forest School for boys. At one time, the original Madison Home on the place stood vacant for

several years. It was then that Woodberry Forest became a resort for picnicing parties. The shade of the fine old trees on the lawn was more than welcomed on a hot day. One summer, there came a town girl visiting in the neighborhood. As she was a stranger, of course, the young people took her in. Her greatest desire was to become a good horse-woman. But, like many city bred girls, she did not realize the danger and, in spite of repeated warnings persisted in dashing ahead, swaying perilously in her saddle. Whether she cut up her horse suddenly and then drew too tight a reign was never known. The first thing her escort saw was a horse standing upright pawing the air and a girl falling backward. When picked up, she was dead. The pommel of the side saddle had crushed into her breast. A letter from her mother received a little later implored her daughter not to get on a horse. In a most realistic way, she described the accident exactly as it had happened. It was some little time before the young people of Orange and Madison could enjoy their customary outings.

Your great grandfather's third daughter, Eliza, never married, although the servants at the "Quarters" told of many who came a courting. Among them was a clergyman of more than local fame. One of the two sons, Rittenhouse, married Ann Slaughter of Orange and they had three sons, Stanton, Martin and Frank. The latter became one of General Lee's most dependable scouts during the war between the States. Rittenhouse was called to Mississippi on business and died of yellow fever, leaving his wife and three little boys to his father who had then left Fredericksburg and bought a home on the Rapidan river which was called "Retreat". No in-law was ever made more welcome than your great Aunt Ann and her boys. She was a very fine character as you will see when you hear more about her. In speaking of the importance of a right understanding of prayer, she told of her open rebellion when her husband had been taken from her, and of how, in a grief stricken moment of repentance, she

had flung herself on her knees and implored God to let her see her loved one if only for a second of time. Instantly, she heard a noise and, looking up, saw the door of a closet opening inch by inch. Not waiting to investigate, she sprang to her feet and rushed down stairs. When in the cheerful sitting room with the family about her, she realized the all but mockery of her petition, and, returning to her room, found that a window in her closet had been left open and a strong breeze had done the rest.

As you all know, your great grandfather was married twice. The second wife was Mary, affectionately called Polly Plunket. They had two sons, Franklin and Henry. One of the children by the first wife used to plume herself on the fact that her grandmother was Nancy Herndon and not Polly Plunket. Knowing nothing in the world of either family, she yet decided that Herndon was what her black Mammy called "quality" and Plunket was rather "low down". It was therefore something of a surprise to be told later by her father than his step mother's father was a man of distinction and only left Ireland for political reasons. The same child, having been taken for a week's visit to friends who were deeply interested in an election, became impressed with the difference in the sound of the words, whig and democrat, which were being tossed to and fro at the dinner table, and gladly made one of a little group of children who, peeping through a break in a next door neighbor's fence, called out to a red headed boy and his sister: "you are democrats and eat dead rats. We are whigs and eat roast pigs". As they always ran away before there could be a reply, they never ceased to find enjoyment in their taunt.

CHAPTER 2

TWO HOUSES

As your great grandfather's brother, Thornton, had settled on the Rapidan River, it was most natural that he should do the same, although the two homes were several miles apart.

Thornton was well known as a Bible scholar. He wrote a book in which he sought to show that slavery was a most efficient means of Christianizing a large part of heathendom. The book had a considerable sale in the South. The house that he built in 1832 has never been out of the family since.

Your great Aunt Eliza gave up her life to her father whose last wife had died just before she was grown, and, with her sister-in-law Ann, kept open house every summer for the many children of her sisters, Harriet and Susan, and her brother Horace (your grandfather) as well.

The land which your great grandfather bought was near Racoon Ford on the Rapidan. The house had been built by Brigadier General Gordon, who was a retired paymaster in the army, and named the Retreat. The site for this house had been selected with great care. It stood in a grove of fine trees, many of them Aspens of unusual size whose white bark afforded a place upon which grandsons might cut the names of their sweethearts. That they took advantage of it was shown by the number of names thereon. On one side of the house, a well-laid-out garden extended almost to the river, with fruits and vegetables in abundance in season, and flowers almost the year round, for your great grandfather and his daughter Eliza were both lovers of nature. On the other side of the house stood kitchen, smoke house, and other necessary buildings. The negro quarters were a little farther off near the stables and overseer's house. The house grounds were enclosed by a white picket fence.

Near the small entrance gate, stood a horse block for the convenience of those who were not nimble enough to spring from the ground to the back of a horse. Farther on, was a long rack to which horses were tied while waiting for their riders. Then came the ice house, one of the first to be dug in the County. The Rapid Ann, as it was then called,—a doubtful compliment to the Queen for whom it was named,—was too fast-flowing a stream ever to freeze over; but, there was a more sober minded creek from which ice two or three inches thick was cut and packed away with a layer of clean straw on top. As the ice was used up, a ladder was put in and many a time the children watched the descent into the depths of that ice house, sure that, when the servants came up, there would be bits of ice for them also. To make the Retreat a complete home, a small cemetery was inclosed with a brick wall which was covered with English ivy planted by some loving but unknown hand. The distance between the house and the public road was divided into three fenced-in fields. The first, counting from the house, was for grazing purposes; the second, for some low growing crop such as wheat or oats; the third was corn which grew so high that the tallest man could not be seen when the crop was a good one as it generally was in that rich ground. As the fields were fenced in, there had to be gates to pass through before you reached the house. The one opening on the public road was known as the "Big Gate" and to see it plainly from the house, a spy glass was kept on a table in the front porch.

On fair days, it was the duty of young and old to use it and report if a carriage could be seen coming through. If so, it meant from four to six visitors were coming to spend the day. Then Mistress and servants got busy preparing a dinner which would reflect credit upon the Retreat. Giving and receiving visits was the order of that day and the only members of the household who did not enjoy it were the children who, having been taught that they must be seen but not heard, were gen-

erally miserable fearing that they would soil the clean clothes before they had been inspected by the visitors. Another serious grievance with them was the knowledge that they would have to wait for the "second table" before getting any of that extra good dinner. The dining room was part basement with windows from the grass up, and there never lacked a boy rash enough to crawl on his stomach and report to the others the progress of that meal. If he said that the stock of fried chicken was getting low, someone immediately dashed to the kitchen to see if there was more a frying. As there always was, the news was spread abroad among the ten or twelve children. The critical moment came when the visitors were seen by the boy to be pushing back their chairs. If the whoop of joy was not heard, then it only goes to prove that there are none so deaf as those who will not hear.

CHAPTER 3

THE RETREAT

Let us go back to the Retreat house. It was three and one-half stories high; the half-story being the basement dining room with an immense fire place which was never without its back log from Fall to Spring. In the Summer, it was kept full of evergreens. There were three other smaller rooms. One was the milk room where milk was put in large pans morning and evening ready to have cream skimmed off at a moment's notice. All of the butter was made in that room. The splash of the churn was never ending when the house was full of visitors in Summer.

On the outside of the milk room under the large roots of a close growing shrub was a mysterious looking round hole kept open, the servants said, for the convenience of a black snake who earned his living by catching rats. As their elders would neither affirm nor deny this, the children fought shy of this room.

Then came a large store room with its rows of shelves where six months' supplies of groceries were kept. Twice a year, a list of everything that could be needed during the coming six months was made out and given to a trusted negro who carried it to your great grandfather's son-in-law, John Byrd Hall, in Fredericksburg. By him, it was divided between the different merchants. It was more than a fifty mile trip from The Retreat to Fredericksburg over the worst roads in Virginia which is saying a good deal for the roads at that time. At one place, the rocks were so large and smooth that the horses would slide down on their haunches with the big covered wagon almost on top of them. That spot was known as the "Devil's Feather-bed". There were other places almost as bad. So you can see that making that trip, particularly the return, when the wagon was loaded with barrels of white and brown sugar, heavy goods and grocer-

ies, was no easy matter. On one occasion, the negro reached Fredericksburg just as a run-away horse fell through an open cellar door of Hall's Drug Store. Obedient to his orders, the servant pushed his way through the crowd in the street and presented your great grandfather's list of articles which were to be sent back to him. In return, the negro was given the following letter which he delivered to his master at the Retreat:

"Horse in the cellar.

All in confusion.

Yours Resply,

JOHN BYRD HALL"

But to return again to the house. The dining room, although half basement was well lighted. At one end, there was a door leading up three steps into the yard and across to the kitchen. In the third story were two very large rooms with dormer windows. Each room had two double beds. It was there that visiting boys were packed away in the Summer.

On one occasion, your great grandfather had retired, not to sleep, but to think, as he would say, and your Aunts Ann and Eliza, being occupied elsewhere, the children were having it all their own way at the end of the big porch. It was a perfect moonlight night—such a one as you hear people say they can see to pick up a pin. The sound of the Rapidan as it leaped over rocky obstructions, the shadows of the heavy Aspin trees, and others of less dense growth, all made a picture of peaceful happiness where only one boy was mischievous, if not vile. He began by teasing a cousin whose reputation for courage was not of the best and ended by asking another cousin to do what the first one had refused to do: i. e. go up stairs to the third story and bring down a brush. The last mentioned cousin was a little girl seven years old. The only light in the house was from two candles on a table in the hall. But evidently, the little girl considered anything better than being thought a

coward, for she ran rapidly up the two flights of stairs and was groping about for the brush on the bureau when a servant with a bucket of water on her head followed after and left the bucket on a landing half way up the stairs. Returning, the little girl stepped into the bucket and was picked up unconscious. That was always referred to as the only time that your great grandfather was ever heard to speak harshly to visiting children.

His bed-chamber was on the first floor, next to the big parlor. Like the four-posted beds of the time, his had a hair mattress and then the feather bed so high that little carpeted steps were necessary to enable one to get into it. The bed stood sufficiently high from the floor to admit of a trundle bed being kept under it. A white valence around the bed hid it from sight. The one under your great grandfather's bed was always kept sheeted and ready to be pulled out any night that his daughter Eliza decided that he had taken a cold and needed her attention. Outside of China, no such case of ancestor worship ever existed.

CHAPTER 4

LIFE AT THE RETREAT

At the upper end of the Retreat farm, when the Rapidan was low, could be seen remains of the old bridge that Lafayette constructed when on his way to Scottsville after Cornwallis had driven him back into the wilderness to await aid with which to return to the peninsular where the British were finally conquered. This is also where Lafayette crossed the Rapidan River and began the "Marquis' Road" so often referred to. He stayed for some days at Mr. Ben Porter's while his soldiers were building their bridge. Lafayette again crossed the river at Germana in coming to Culpeper, where there had been a bridge constructed by private subscription about 1740. So you see, the Rapidan is not without Revolutionary history. After living for some years at The Retreat and suffering the inconveniences of having to send to Fredericksburg for the necessaries of life, your great grandfather decided to open a general merchandise store at Racoon Ford, when he secured the services of a most reliable man.

The store proved to be such a success that, in time, it became the property of your Aunt Ann's eldest son Staunton, who had married and was living there when the war broke out. Your great Aunt Eliza was never known to correct a visiting nephew but once. As the criminal was very unpopular, brothers and cousins gathered beneath the window of the closet where he had been led, hopefully waiting to hear sounds of distress. When, at last, he appeared, someone kindly inquired if it hurt much and was told that it hurt his Aunt Eliza more than it did him, for she cried and he did not. A boy standing a little apart muttered to himself: "She hasn't got her hand in yet." It took Aunt Ann to manage boys. She had three of her own and she certainly made model men of them. A word should be said of the religious

work carried on by Aunt Eliza at The Retreat. Her afternoon Sunday School was a part of her life. Happily, she lived to see the good results in the lives of not a few of her scholars.

The water melons of Hanover have often been praised, and justly so for their excellence, but it would have been impossible for any melon to have exceeded in size and flavor those raised on the bottom lands of the Rapidan river. There was no such thing as a "patch" of melons at the Retreat. It was always a field. When the melons were ripe, a wagon-load at a time was brought up behind the house and two negro men, connoisseurs in the art of selecting melons, were set to work thumping and plugging. First choice was carried into the cool basement and served to visitors and family. The rest were given to little negroes who were always waiting and took them off to the quarters for a feast that night.

Your great grandfather was a lover of fine horse flesh. He would slip a few pieces of cut loaf sugar into his pocket, never remembering the time it had taken a servant to break up the pyramid of sugar wrapped in blue paper and, going to the pasture, he would give a peculiar call that brought every colt running. Then, how he would laugh as they nosed around him for a piece of sugar. His own particular mount was a handsome grey mare named May who was always saddled and waiting for him when he left the dining-room after breakfast. It was then that he made the rounds of the plantation, sometimes accompanied by the overseer but more often not, as, he considered it better to see for himself how work was being done than to hear from another.

When the youngest of his grandchildren saw that a piece of sheepskin had been placed behind the saddle on May, you might have heard, "It's my time now", "No, you went last." Then more likely than not, a certain big boy would settle the question by lifting a little cousin to the horse-block and waiting to place her on the sheepskin. During the few minutes it took for your great

grandfather to bring May to a "close-up" with the block, the big boy gave the little girl many instructions as to how to sit steady, etc. To all of which, she crossed her heart and promised obedience. Then the big boy patted her on the shoulder and smiled approvingly. It is my private opinion, now for the first time publicly expressed, that the little girl, young as she was, knew a thing or two. For, when she would see the house-servants coming in for family prayers, and your great grandfather polishing his spectacles with a silk handkerchief which his daughter Eliza kept for that purpose, she would settle herself comfortably on the lounge, and "tend like" she was asleep, just to hear that same big boy say to the grown-ups "Don't wake her, I'll carry her up-stairs." Carry her he did and always got a kiss on his cheek for his pains. Yet when she reached years of discretion and he asked her to marry him, he couldn't tell how long he had loved her; but, anyway, he was too late, for she had already been spoken for.

Getting back to the rides on May, I remember that there was one occasion when your great grandfather, anxious to make a certain point in a given time, and forgetful of the little girl behind him, touched up May so sharply that sheepskin and child slipped off on to the road, and a high old time he had getting them back. The little girl had to balance herself on top of a rail fence and then make a flying leap for May's broad back and her grandfather's outstretched hands. The old Gentleman always enjoyed telling that story when the little girl was not present. It was not thought well in those days to foster pride in children.

It may seem strange to gauge a man's character by the size of his woodpile but, if you think of it, you will find it is not half a bad way. For, if the head of the house takes advantage of every lull in farm work to send his hands to the woods to fell carefully selected trees which will then be cut up into suitable lengths for house and kitchen and neatly piled up out of sight of visitors,



ROBERT OF THE RETREAT AND HIS DAUGHTER ELIZA

you could be pretty sure that he was a bountiful provider for white and black and a generous contributor to church and charity. Such was your great grandfather.

There was never but one serious accident to visiting boys at the Retreat and that was when wood was being hauled by oxen. Robert, aged ten, your grandfather's eldest child, had perched himself high on top of a load and was enjoying his ride immensely when suddenly, the oxen smelt water, and, true to their nature, started for it. The jar to the ox cart caused Robert to fall off and he died from his injuries that night.

Now I have told of many things which doubtless seem insignificant but, as the dear old house of many joys and few sorrows was burned to the ground during the War between the States, I want you to know it as it was. Even the close growing trees did not escape and those too far off to take fire had to be used later on as fire wood by the family who were glad enough to take refuge in the log cabins of such servants as had followed the Northern army. Not a paling of all the fencing on that big place had been left by the enemy. Fortunately, before all that had happened, your great grandfather, Robert Stringfellow, had died October 4th, 1858, and was buried in the private cemetery with the ivy-covered walls which he had prepared in sight of his house.

It has often been said that there was no insanity among the negroes before the war; whereas, now, the asylums are full to overflowing with negroes. I never knew of but one case then. That was "crazy Jane" at The Retreat who had "spells" on the full of the moon. On one occasion, when she was scrubbing a floor, a child passed by and the negro deliberately tilted the bucket of soapy water so that it covered the little one's feet. Nothing was done about it for your Aunt Eliza took the blame upon herself for not having remembered that the moon was full and "crazy Jane" should not at that time have been put to work in the house.

It was often asked by strangers after the war if anyone ever saw a **well negro**. In reply to an inquiry after their health, the answer was always "poorly", and more often than not was added "thank God". That came from the fact that "before the War" it was part of an overseers' duty to see that no sick negro was put to work. Consequently, the practice helped to develop a state of invalidism from which it was difficult for any one but a Doctor to decide who was sick and who not. Another thing which often puzzled an outsider was to hear a negro say when speaking of a certain "good time" in his life, "That was when I was eating my 'white bread' ". That also was connected with sickness, for, when the overseer reported a servant not fit for work, the mistress of the "big house" took him or her in hand. The family medicine chest was brought out and such drugs as she thought fitted the case were carefully weighed out on little scales and administered by her own hands. Then, during the period of convalescence, generous slices of the beautiful loaf of bread made for the family table was sent to the quarters. Nothing pleased the children of the household more than to be allowed to carry it.

CHAPTER 5

A HORSEMAN

From his early childhood, your great grandfather's son Horace had said his prayers as his mother taught him and attended church with the other members of the family. If bored by an extra long sermon, he gave no outward evidence of the fact but sat quiet and sedate to the end. In this matter, he simply followed in the footsteps of his father and grandfather whose code of gentlemanly conduct had been early instilled into his receptive mind. Had he, at that age, been told of a person who refused to say his prayers and to attend church, he would most surely have asked: "How does he expect to get to Heaven?" The only road he knew was the one his father was traveling and, loving and respecting him as he did, he was most willing to be his companion. At the Retreat it was always considered an honor to entertain the Bishop and, when in Summer, the house was full of children, they would crowd around to have his hand laid on their heads and envy the baby he held in his arms.

As your grandfather grew in years, he grew also in "manners and behavior" as the old negroes would say. Courteous and obliging, he was loved by family and neighbors and adored by the negroes to whom the winning smile of their young master came as a blessing never to be forgotten by them even after he had answered a call to a wider life.

As a horseman, your grandfather was considered the best in the county, which is not surprising when you hear that his first recollection was that of being held on a saddle with the reins between his baby fingers. There was no seeing daylight between him and his steed. They were both of a piece and few things amused him more in his old age than to see a young man bobbing up and down in his saddle. Although it was the custom of the gentry in Virginia, to keep liquor in sight on the

sideboard, neither your great grandfather nor his son Horace ever cared over much for it. The latter often remarked that he preferred a glass of buttermilk to the best julep that could be mixed. In the matter of tobacco, it was different, for no boy ever tried harder to learn to smoke than he did. But, for some reason, a taste for the weed could not be cultivated.

CHAPTER 6

OFF TO COLLEGE

Having been made ready for college by private teachers, there being no public schools in Virginia, your grandfather entered that house of learning brimful of questions on almost every subject but religion. That, he considered too personal a matter to be taught by a professor and the idea of students discussing it was something that never entered his mind. Invited to make one of a party of midnight revellers, he laughingly declined, saying he knew what brandy could do for a man and as he felt no inclination to make a spectacle of himself, he asked to be excused. As he had then proved himself No. 1 in all manly sports except smoking and drinking and was a good student as well, they were obliged to respect him and not a few loved him to the end of life.

Speaking of sports, it was his knowledge of swimming that saved his life later on. Having lost his way in the then poorly lighted streets of Richmond, he walked in to the Basin. It was mid-winter and he not only wore a heavy overcoat but had a muffler wound about his neck. How long he swam round and round he had no exact way of knowing, but judging from his watch, the men who at last heard his calls for help and fished him out said it was hardly believable that he could have survived for so long a time.

If he went to College thinking students never discussed religion, he soon found himself mistaken for there was at that time what you might call an atmosphere of unbelief pervading many parts of Virginia. Books that would never have made a way into the bookcases at The Retreat were being read and freely handed about. It is only natural that a young man of your grandfather's inquiring turn of mind should have fallen a victim to Voltaire and Tom Paine. At first he was shocked and indignant at the satire, invective and mockery of the

former, but as he proceeded to read barefaced statements of the fundamentals of religion which he was neither prepared to deny or explain since he had not the faintest idea of the meaning of the word "faith," he gradually became identified with a group of students whom, I suppose, would be called "intellectuals" in these days and spent long hours of candle light absorbed in the perusal of books of like contents as Voltaire and others. But it was Paine's "Age of Reason" that carried him completely off his feet. Not being happy with his doubts and having nearly lost belief in Christianity, he welcomed anything that appealed to his reason, common sense or inclinations. It was not long before he became one of the foremost leaders in debate, by which means, he gained an influence over weaker minds which in after years he bitterly regretted.

With his enterprising brain and eager desire for knowledge, he made the best of his opportunities at College. The warmth of his nature, though rarely expressed in words, gained him friends who clung to him through life. You had only to call the name of one to bring to life reminiscences of times and events long past but made sharply real and vivid by his way of telling them.

At the time your grandfather left College, he was a well set-up, rather heavily built young man with the fair hair of his Saxon ancestors and blue or grey eyes according to circumstances. When blue, they were exceedingly tender and sympathetic, particularly with little children but, when he had occasion to express his opinion of an injustice, there was not a trace of blue in the stern grey eyes that looked straight at you.

By the time your grandfather was twenty-one, he had graduated in law and was back at The Retreat casting about for some place in which to practice his profession.

At that time, your great grandfather was not a communicant of the church although he must have felt an interest in it as he had given the land upon which St. Paul's of Culpeper County had been built. This was in-

spired either by interest, or a desire to gratify his favorite daughter, your Aunt Eliza who was truly a consecrated child of God. As cleanliness is said to be next to godliness, you will not be surprised to hear that she was the neatest little lady you ever saw. The children said she did not deserve any credit for it as dirt would not stick to her, but the older members of the family knew that it was because she never undertook anything in the housekeeping line without first putting on a long blue and white checked apron. As a child spoiler, she could have taken first prize. We all know that some few children are born "good" but they usually die early. Take it all in all, your Aunt Ann was a better manager of the younger generation than was her gentle sister-in-law Eliza.

CHAPTER 7

THE LAWYER

With your grandfather's altered views of religion, and his vigor in presenting them, it is hardly surprising to know that he influenced his father to such an extent that the old Gentleman refused to attend the services of the little Episcopal church that he had been mainly instrumental in having built. But it was to his favorite sister Eliza that your grandfather's religious opinions brought the keenest sorrow. Matters were at this stage when he decided to make Danville his home.

The welcome that was extended him there was of the Old Virginia kind. Every house and home was open to the dignified but friendly young lawyer and it was not long before he met one of the belles of a nearby county. Attracted to her by the readiness with which she accepted his religious opinions, a friendship was formed which lasted the better part of a year. Then your grandfather decided to address her. Calling at the house with that intention in his mind, he was told that she was out. Before he could make another call he received a letter from his sister Eliza summoning him home. The reason given by his sister was his father's illness. The negro who brought the letter added particulars (as they always did) which increased your grandfather's anxiety to such a degree that he satisfied himself with sending the young lady a few lines saying she would hear from him as soon as he reached home. Then he packed his saddlebags and started on the long ride back to Culpeper.

The nature of his father's illness proved to be "fever", that dread disease which so often meant weeks and sometimes months of suffering for the patient and weariness indescribable for those who did the nursing. As there were no professionals, everything had to be done by some faithful black mammy and the members of the family, supplemented by neighbors and friends. Your great

grandfather's illness was of extreme severity, lasting for many weeks. Long before he was convalescing, his son found, to his consternation, that, in his case, "absence had conquered love" and that he no longer wanted to marry the girl he had left behind him. As he became more and more convinced of his change of feeling, he grew daily more miserable. Living in a time when honor, particularly where women were concerned, was considered the hall-mark of a Gentleman, he saw no way of escape from his unfortunate position.

Night after night, he walked the floor tormented by his legal mind which persistently decided the question against him. He could not shake off a remembrance of the expression of affection in the lovely eyes raised to his when last he saw her and knew that his own had reflected the same. It was impossible for him to hide from his sister his growing unhappiness. Following him to his room one night, she closed the door and besought him to tell her what was troubling him. At first, he tried to put her off but, when she announced that she had come to stay, all night if need be, he yielded and made a clean breast of it. He said afterwards that he wanted to consult her all along but, thinking she would see things from a woman's viewpoint, he was afraid. Imagine the surprise and relief it was to hear her contend that he owed it to the girl not to go back to Danville. As he had never in so many words asked her to be his wife and did not know positively if she would have consented if he had, his sister urged him to consider it as a flirtation and to let it go at that. Before leaving him, she almost convinced him that the worst wrong he could do the girl would be to make her an unloved wife. Not waiting for her brother to weaken, she had a servant ready the next morning to carry a note to a friend in Danville asking him to send by the negro such things as had been left in his office.

I may as well tell the end of this story now. Thirty years afterwards, your grandfather was attending a con-

vention of his church which met in Staunton. With a group of clergymen, he visited the insane asylum. After being shown over the buildings, he asked the age of the oldest patient and the length of time he or she had been there. He did not ask the name but the Doctor gave it. Startled to find that it was the same as that of the girl whom he once thought he loved, and wishing to identify her, he inquired if he might see her. "That will be about all you can do" replied the Doctor leading the way to another part of the building and opening the door of what proved to be a padded cell with not an article of furniture in it. Crouched in one corner was a woman whose long grey hair fell loose over her shoulders. Your grandfather always thought that, as his eyes caught and held hers, there was a gleam of recognition in them. But it was gone almost before it came, and the torrent of abuse of the Doctor caused him to close the door hastily. Your grandfather was glad to hear that she had not been committed until ten years after he left Danville and that she was not the first member of her family to be so afflicted.

After your great grandfather's long illness, his son Horace began casting about for another place in which to make a fresh start. That he decided upon Culpeper Courthouse was largely due to the influence of the family. To have him within riding distance—ten miles or so—settled the matter. The reason of his not having selected Culpeper Courthouse as soon as he left college was the old one of a prophet being without honor, etc. But now, that he had years, and experience to his credit, he felt sure of himself and soon numbered among his clients men of position in the County.

It was then that his instinct for controversy served him well. Men's opinions in that day often degenerated into obstinancy and, when he saw such to be the case, he would get the litigants together and, by his good nature and strong common sense, persuade them to give and take. Then, to the disgust of the opposing counsel,

he would settle matters out of court. By pursuing this course, he not only avoided litigation that might have lasted for years but won the gratitude of principals and their families as well. But when a legal question was involved, and at that time there were many questions which the courts had not passed upon,—he would contend with all the force of his reasoning powers to the bitter end. It was not long before his ability in argument was recognized and men who had never entered a courtroom came to hear his closely reasoned speeches. Over and above the general run of citizens of a place the size of Culpeper Courthouse, there was an upper crust of somewhat hard drinking, card playing politicians who, with all, were kind husbands, affectionate fathers and dependable neighbors. They needed to be the latter since there were few planters who, at one time or another, did not have to call on someone to go their security. In more than a few cases, the friend who signed the note left it to be paid by his widow. That accounts for the prevalence of security debts given as a reason for the change in circumstances of many families.

CHAPTER 8

STRINGFELLOW LUCK

If your grandfather cared nothing for liquor or tobacco, there were few who cared more for a game of cards,—whist in particular.

During the years he lived a bachelor at Culpeper Court House, he made many trips to Richmond. He always went on horseback and always notified his friend, Mr. Thomas Richie, Editor of the Richmond Enquirer, of his coming. At that time, there was a coterie of Gentlemen in Richmond who considered themselves to be expert whist players. Your grandfather had often been a guest at the home of one and another and, always the evening had been spent at a card table. With his fine memory and clear brain which had never been befogged by strong drink, he soon made a name for himself and was gladly welcomed as an adversary worthy of their best efforts.

On one occasion, after taking his horse to the stable which he patronized, he found Mr. Richie and a negro boy waiting for him and was told that he was to spend the night at a hotel where they could be more independent as to hours. So, with the negro boy carrying the saddle bags, the two Gentlemen followed to the best hotel of the day. After a fine supper of sea food, a thing not to be had in Culpeper, the whist players adjourned to a room where a card table with four candles, one at each corner, with snuffers beside them, stood ready:

As Mr. Richie knew that your grandfather never drank anything stronger than buttermilk, he had notified the two other players who were strangers to your grandfather that it was to be a strictly temperance party. Delighted at having an opportunity of defeating the country lawyer of whose skill they had heard much, they agreed to all conditions. So, it was an absolutely sober set of men who sat down to the table.

During the playing of a hand, not a word was spoken unless someone would say: "Snuff that candle, please". But, as the evening wore on, and your grandfather and Mr. Richie never lost a game, one of the strangers, while cards were being dealt, exclaimed: "Say, Mr. Stringfellow, this thing is getting monotonous. Let's change partners." This was done time and again until your grandfather had played partners with every man at the table, but with always the same result. When the negro boy was called in to replenish candles, the same Gentleman suggested that they turn their chairs around. With much laughter but with an undertone of gravity on this man's part, the chairs were turned. When at last Mr. Richie called for another supply of candles, the negro boy who had been sitting on the passage floor just beside their door stuck his head in and said, "You don't want no candles, Marse Tom, for the sun done riz." So it had. They had played a whole night through and your grandfather had never lost a game. It was no wonder that afterwards some Whist player as he seated himself would wish to have "Stringfellow luck." But your grandfather never called it luck. He always said that it was the most remarkable run of cards he had ever seen.

CHAPTER 9

"POOR MAN"

About this time, your grandfather was called to New York on business. A bit tired and very hungry from the long stage ride, he entered the dining room of the Astor House and seated himself in the only vacant chair at the long table. After ordering a meal commensurate with his appetite, he felt at liberty to observe the other guests.

With his quick appreciation of the different types of mankind, he decided that there was only one who deserved a second glance and that was his neighbor at the foot of the table, a rather rough looking man whose supper seemed to consist of toast and tea. To your grandfather, who had never known a day's sickness in his life, it seemed most extraordinary that any man could content himself with such a meal. As the waiter placed before him dish after dish of the supper ordered, he happened to encounter the gaze of the stranger and was surprised to see the degree of enmity his eyes expressed. When at last a second supply of some especially indigestible luxury was set before your grandfather, he was still more surprised to see his neighbor who had a glint of anger in his eyes push back his chair and leave the room followed by the envious gaze of every man at the table. Wishing to have his curiosity gratified, he inquired of the waiter the name of his singular guest and was told, with suppressed excitement: "That's the rich Mr. Vanderbilt". With a vivid remembrance of the toast and tea, your grandfather ejaculated, "Poor man" and afterwards said he had only to recall the expression of the waiter's face to give himself a hearty laugh.

CHAPTER 10

HIS MARRIAGE

In 1821, your grandfather met Louisa Gibbs Strother, daughter of William Strother and Mildred Medley of Madison County. She was very young, just turned fifteen, but a girl of lovely character and disposition. She was also very frail but with an amount of fortitude that enabled her to fulfill the duties of wife and mother to a large family. They were married October 23rd, 1823.

All of his life, your grandfather had wanted to visit Philadelphia. For many reasons, the Quaker City was more popular with traveling Virginians of that day than was New York. One reason was that it was nearer and if one has ever jolted over bad roads in a swaying stage coach, he will know, the less he has of that vehicle the better. Besides, Philadelphia contained more of interest to a student of American History than did New York which even then catered more to the coming big business men. He had planned to take his bride there, but law business interfered so he had to postpone his trip until the following Spring.

I wish I could tell in his graphic way the story of that trip; of the six passengers, all men, excepting your grandmother, a girl of sixteen; of the one man who saved the day by his capacity for turning everything into a joke even when, three on a side, they helped the four strong horses pull the stage coach out of a rut that was a rut. Tired, but very happy at the prospect before them, the six months old couple alighted at the wide open door of the best Hotel in Philadelphia.

The next morning it was raining. Forgetting that there was such a thing as a "long season" in May, your grandfather said, "Only a shower—will soon be over". But that shower lasted off and on until the very morning they were to leave, two weeks later. Of course, they saw everything that was to be seen. You couldn't ex-

pect two young people to remain shut up in a hotel room but things and places were viewed under such disagreeable conditions. Picking their way over muddy sidewalks and through worse streets while the wind played havoc with your grandmother's pretty silk mantel and broad ribbon strings to the new Spring bonnet, doubtless the pride of her heart for your grandfather had given it his hearty approval,—They were still happy although a little dampened. And so they took the stage for home.

CHAPTER 11

HIS CONVERSION

For some months after his marriage, your grandfather practiced Law in Culpeper and Madison Counties; but, finding Madison sufficient to keep him busy, he seems to have given up Culpeper, for we see from the court records that in September 1824, he came into court and took the oath of office as a practitioner of Law in Madison County. On the 12th of October 1831, he was appointed attorney for the commonwealth and took the oath to suppress dueling. He used to say that he could well understand men coming to blows in the heat of an argument, but this cold blooded thing of doctor and seconds was a disgrace to humanity. Fortunately, he lived to see it so regarded by all right thinking Virginians. The deed books of Madison show that he bought several town lots and also sold quite a number of tracts of land. The clerk of Madison adds: "There is no bill of settlement in our office, so we take it for granted that he disposed of his property here during his life time". I shall refer to this later on.

It does not seem possible that there could have been a happier couple than your grand parents. The only thing that might have marred the first few years of their wedded life was a difference of opinion in regard to religion. But, it seems that was never discussed. It may have been that knowing how frail your grandmother was, (She had her first hemorrhage from the lungs when she was fourteen) her husband avoided every subject which was calculated to disturb her; or, it may have been a promise made to her father when he asked for his only daughter. At any rate, the young wife attended church regularly and her husband stayed at home studying law cases.

When Bishop Meade made his yearly visitations, there was no home in Madison county where he was more warmly welcomed than your grandfather's; but, when

the children's bed-time came, and your grandmother placed the Bible in the Bishop's hand, her husband as quietly as possible, disappeared. So strong were his convictions! Many a time, when in the next room shaving, he saw from the corner of his eye what seemed to him to be a beautiful picture—nothing more, a mother with her little flock at her knees repeating a prayer.

About this time, there was much talk of a revivalist who had come to Madison, but your grandfather paid no attention. Only, as excitement increased, he asked his wife not to attend the meetings. Being of a rather timid nature, she readily agreed. But it was impossible to avoid hearing through visitors of the crowds who flocked to the place of gathering, and of a few of your grandfather's friends who professed a change of heart. The meetings continued for several weeks and were the subject of conversation in every home, except your grandfather's. He was either too busy in court or too indifferent to the whole thing to mention them.

But as time wore on, your grandfather began to take notice of what was happening around him. He almost laughed aloud at the sight of good cards burning in the street and cynically wondered how long it would be before he would be asked to replace them in Richmond. But there were two men whose change he failed to comprehend. From being hard drinking, loud swearing citizens, they had almost over night become sober church-going people. Thinking that such conditions would not continue long, he still kept his eyes on them. The Evangelist departed; things settled down; and yet, not once did those men accept a drink when one was offered to them. It was all so strange that it interested him. Unwilling to have anyone think that he had been impressed, he approached the subject cautiously. His pride of intellect was involved. Surely, such a simple problem of cause and effect could be satisfactorily worked out. The excitement, with the pleadings of family and friends could easily have been the cause and the effect natural-

ly followed. But to a man like your grandfather, whose mind worked to the root of things, he could see no way in which to account for the physical change in the faces of the men under observation. Naturally, the more decent life they were leading would account for some of it. But, making all due allowance for that, there still remained a look of joy and peace strangely at variance with their shabby surroundings. Feeling thus, it was some little time before he could bring himself to a discussion of the subject with even his closest friends. At one time, he fell so low, in his own estimation, as to think seriously of questioning your grandmother. But, upon second thought, he decided that any religion which could satisfy such gentle souls as his sister Eliza and his wife was not worth considering.

In time, your grandmother noticed a decided change in her usually cheerful, good tempered husband. At first, she attributed it to interest in some law case, but, upon questioning him, she found that he seemed strangely indifferent to the outcome of any suit on the docket. However, after that, he evidently exerted himself and did partly return to normalcy. Still, when she suggested that he make up a game of whist with three congenial spirits, he shook his head but gave no reason for his refusal. From then on, for several weeks, he grew more and more distraught; half hearted in his play with his little boys Horace and James; and, while tenderly solicitous of his wife's health, he failed to notice how often her plate remained empty of the very things that were necessary to keep life in her frail body.

2041186

Of course, such conditions could not go on indefinitely. When your grandmother found that her husband was leaving their room in the dead of night and walking softly to and fro in a guest chamber, she made up her mind to demand an explanation. For the second time in his life, your grandfather had to lay bare his heart to a woman. Amazed to hear the nature of his trouble, she was still more surprised to hear the remedy he had decided

on. According to his account he was a very unhappy man. He said that he had thought the question of there being a higher power had been settled by him years ago but that now it had returned to vex him, and that like many a law suit it must be fought to a finish.

Then he announced his plan. She was to leave the room, put food on a table in the passage and instruct servants and children not to come near him. She asked him if there were any book she could bring him. He replied, "No". Holding up her little Bible, he added: "If there is a God and he has communicated with mankind through this book, I need nothing else." Your grandmother carried out his instructions, but inadvertently left the impression on her eldest six year old son that his father was being punished for some misdemeanor. Having experienced that himself on more than one occasion, the boy's sympathies were all with his father. Not daring to disobey his mother, he could not resist the temptation of leaving his play and creeping half way upstairs to see if the food had been taken. When he was a grown man, he declared it to have been the most miserable day of his childhood. That night, when he saw his mother kneeling beside her bed with a handkerchief pressed to her eyes, he tiptoed to the door hoping to see that the plate had disappeared. But it was still there.

When he opened his eyes in the morning and heard his father telling of something that had happened in the night and saw that his mother looked happier than he had ever seen her look, his boyish spirits returned. Later on, when, his father seated himself beside a little table in the sitting-room, opened a Bible and read: "Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and His ways past finding out", and then knelt for the first time in family prayer. The child felt that something ought to be done to make up for that undeserved punishment of the day before, so he left his mother and knelt beside

his father who was asking that the sins of a parent might not be visited on the heads of his innocent children.

When they arose from their knees, the frail young wife was sobbing, for the strain of the last twenty-four hours had been almost unbearable; but, when gathered into the arms of the only man she had ever loved, her composure returned. If she could only have known that her little boy was one day to follow in her husband's footsteps and preach the Gospel from Canada to Alabama, she would have been happier still. But that was not to be; for, we read in the Book of all Books: "Presented by the hands of a dying mother, whose prayers were offered for a blessing upon me". This was dated July 10, 1847. He only decided definitely to study for the ministry after returning from her funeral.

CHAPTER 12

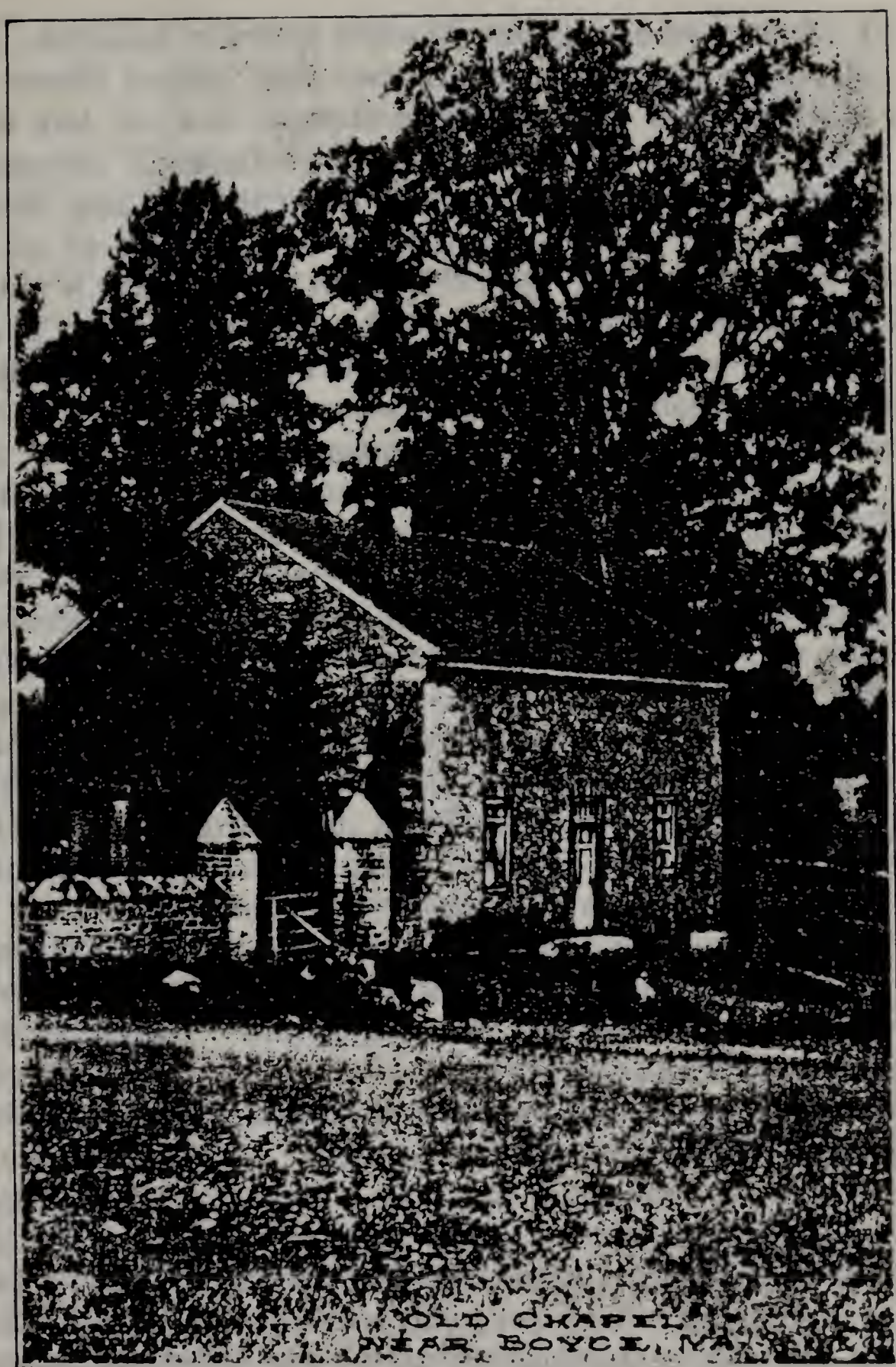
THE PREACHER

Almost the first act of that day was to write to his father at The Retreat. That letter was sacredly preserved by his sister Eliza but, after her death it was in some way lost. The greatest disappointment I have in writing this is my not being able to reproduce it here. You can imagine the surprise of the little community in Madison when informed that your grandfather was to relinquish his chosen profession of which he was rapidly becoming an ornament, and was to become a preacher of the very Gospel that he had so often contended against. But it was like him, when once convinced, to take rapid steps to an end. His office was besieged by friends who plead with him not to act hastily. Others, politicians of course, told of a bright pathway leading straight to Congress. But all to no purpose.

Before leaving Madison, your grandfather had to publicly declare allegiance to the new king under whose banner he had enlisted. It does not require much imagination to picture the scene in the little church when the same good Bishop laid his hands in confirmation on the head of the man who so often had left the room to avoid hearing him pray. And the joy of the young wife—what words could tell of that?

Fatigue of packing, even the pain of parting from dearly loved parents was swallowed up by the overwhelming sense of relief from fears that had so often beset her. To your grandfather also came a sense of relief from fears that had torn at his heart whenever he heard the little quickly suppressed cough of his fragile young wife. For now there loomed before him a never ending Eternity of companionship unmarred by any earthly suffering.

He resigned his office of Commonwealth attorney, sold his law library and as the clerk of the court at Madison



OLD CHAPEL, MILLWOOD, VIRGINIA

said, disposed of every piece of real estate he owned. In six weeks he had wife and children boarding in Alexandria and he was attending lectures at the Protestant Episcopal Theological Seminary near by. As he afterwards said, he had more to undo than other men had to do, so he could lose no time in beginning. Your grandfather's first parish was Millwood, Virginia. Here, he found rest and congenial friends. His wife also improved in the bracing air and the out-of-doors life she lead. Enjoying to the full the scenery and her garden of flowers, the mantle of years seemed to slip from her and she stood again the girl your grandfather had courted.

It was at Millwood that something occurred of which your grandfather seemed very much ashamed. A little daughter was born there who proved to be such a model child that, when eight months old, she had never been heard to utter a cry. Of course such perfection was made the burden of your grandmother's conversations with neighbors and friends. It happened that your grandfather had heard of an afflicted family in which there were three deaf and dumb children. The very thought of such a condition impressed him so deeply that he could not shake it off. So when people commented on the "goodness" of his child, an awful fear that maybe it was not "goodness" that kept little Mildred so silent crept into his mind. Once there, it grew and continued to grow until the uncertainty of it was more than he could bear.

Choosing a time when he was alone with his sleeping child, he administered a slap that must have been harder than he intended, for, with a look of mingled indignation and temper in the Madonna-like eyes, his little girl cried out. Your grandmother later reported that, when she entered the room, she found her husband wiping his eyes and smothering the baby with kisses. I regret having to say that from that day on to the day of her death, some months later, little Mildred earned from the children the name of "Cry-baby". But your grandfather

never uttered a complaint as he walked the floor night after night with the suffering child in his arms.

After five happy years as Rector of the Old Chapel, as it was called, your grandfather left Millwood and entered upon new duties at Trinity Church, Washington, D. C. He left sleeping in the little graveyard two little daughters Mary, and Mildred and carried with him four children, Horace, James, Charles, and a daughter named for her mother, Louisa. Louisa never married and like her aunt Eliza, devoted her life to her father. Charles, when grown, studied law at the University of Virginia, won the medal for oratory, and later, married the beautiful daughter of Blair Burrell of Indian Head, Powhatan County, Virginia. They had a large family of whom four sons and four daughters are now living, all a credit to their parents.

The change from the quiet of Millwood to the Capitol City was a not unwelcome one to your grandfather. He was a strong man physically and mentally and, out of his own experience, well equipped to cope with the evils of Washington. That all of his life, the lawyer stood behind the preacher is shown by the evidence of many who listened to his sermons. Being asked by a newcomer in Washington to direct him to a place of worship, Daniel Webster replied: "Come with me and hear God Almighty's Prosecuting Attorney". Another almost as well known said that every time he heard Mr. Stringfellow preach, every sin he had committed rose up before him.

It is interesting to find that for his own use, your grandfather had invented a system of short hand. It was usual for preachers of that day to read from a manuscript; but he contended that, by doing so, much of the force of a sermon was lost. At his death, barrels full of sermons had to be burned as no one could make out more than the text which was always written in long hand. But before doing so, one was sent to each of his children.

* wh: sce: of overflow: ler: & confu. ^{will riv: of last day} sp: bef:
 i? you & have uncov: ^{occu. some clv: hae:} to view some gr: City ^{mor: condn}
 real ch: of whom ^{ev: inhab:} wa, clearly ^{wh: stark: devel:} exp: to sight
 who eat: ^{cov: sin: - age: enriv: - consum: jeal:} bit: hat: = sting: slan: - abu: ^{false trish:} confi:
 Coaths: indul: ^{hid: cum: - corrup: self:} = cher: villan: = ^{on ev: side} liv: rankl: & fest:
 i? beh: bro: hat: ^{guard: defequ: ward:} bro: = fr: betray: fr: = ^{murder:} h: u: b: -
 in w: c: I hear off: & show all just as are-
 you can bet. concei: amaze: & disgust fill
 but est: this ^{State} fr: City to ^{to} fr: st: to nation
 fr: nat: to O- fr: O to univ: & such vis: ^{overwhel:} be
 yes, sound: ^{dipol: eli: = wind rock} turn: = ^{antiqu: as:} fla: ear: - fly: st: = trifle
 comp: ^{loy} ~~SS: h:~~ ^{with count: in, uncov: & exp: -} SS: h: fear: spec: to gaze of univ:
 such be hor: of fin. day, fil: S: ^{with} qly: ^{quak: fear:} tremb: &
 & caus: ^{all to hand} turn pale in vicu, antic: doom
 & arm: ev: one give a/c self to G"
 & "rec: this done in the body"

FROM A SERMON DELIVERED BY HORACE STRINGFELLOW
 SHOWING HIS EARLY SYSTEM OF SHORTHAND.

While your grandfather was better known as a "powerful" preacher, there was another side of his work which accomplished as much as his preaching. During his years as a lawyer, he had discovered the value of a "personal touch". So he applied it in his new field of labor. Calling at a house just before candle light, he would draw up his chair before the fire, invite his host or hostess to a seat beside him and, by a few skilful, sympathetic questions, unlock hearts which had been as closed books under all his best efforts at preaching. It was seldom, if ever at all, that he left without the satisfaction of knowing that he had been able to give a better understanding of the plan of salvation to that member of his flock.

While your grandfather never alluded to the circumstances under which he had changed his profession, it could but leak out. The fact that such a man should have given up what looked like a brilliant future with all its emoluments for the meager salary of the minister of the gospel, naturally attracted attention. That those circumstances should also have been misunderstood was equally natural. So, it is with no surprise that we see it stated in Thomas Nelson Page's article, "Old Days in Old Virginia", that he had heard that your grandfather had been converted at a camp meeting. The truth is your grandfather had never heard a sermon preached by the Evangelist. It was the changed lives of a few men who had heard that started him investigating a subject which, up to then, he had considered settled.

At the time that he was in charge of Trinity, there was only one society connected with the church. That was the "Ladies Sewing Society." It met at the homes of the members where tea and gossip were served and dainty articles made. Placed in a basket, they were given to a well known negro woman who, in long white apron and a bandana handkerchief wound about her head, went from door to door of Trinity Church members. As the woman did the same kind office for other

churches, she could be trusted not to poach on their preserves. If there was no organized society, there were missionary meetings held from time to time and they taxed your grandfather to the utmost. He had to combat from the pulpit the openly expressed opinions that, as the heathen knew of no God but their own of wood and stone, they wouldn't be held responsible; also, that religion and charity began at home and, that there was plenty of both needed right there in Washington to keep a man busy. But, when a missionary from Africa or from some distant isle of the Sea arrived, he was warmly welcomed by your grandfather. For then, by the display of curios, notably tiny shoes from China, in the Vestry room, a small congregation mostly of women could be counted upon to hear the really thrilling accounts of the missionary. If the collection taken up was small in dollars and cents, it frequently turned out that the words of the minister touched the hearts of some earnest souls who laid the foundation of work now being carried out. And so it went for several years.

Meanwhile, however, your grandfather was keenly enjoying the fiery speeches being made in Congress on questions pertaining to a comparatively new Government. Being Southern born and bred, you would think he would have been a partisan. But this was not so. He could be found as often siding with one side as with the other.

During these years, his sons Horace and James were growing up. Charles was still a little boy. Horace had become the society man of the family. Noticed first by an influential member of Trinity, a woman of middle age, who found a bright accommodating, young fellow, a useful appendage, he was gradually passed from friend to friend until there was hardly a Tea or reception where he could not be found. Always near his hostess, ready to hand a cup of tea or escort an old lady to her carriage. Your grandmother was not altogether satisfied with this state of things. She would rather have

seen her boy with young people of his own age; for, the society of Washington, while in many respects exclusive and brilliant, was not one calculated to develop anything but polite manners in her son, and, being a "Strother" she thought herself capable of doing that.

But, at that time, her second son James was becoming a source of anxiety. From early childhood, he had manifested such unusual talents for drawing that it had been one of the reasons which induced his father to accept the call to Trinity. Under a fine teacher, James had progressed rapidly and soon began painting in oils. Your grandmother became fascinated. She eagerly watched every step in his progress. Sitting beside him, she took note of how he mixed his paints and bought for herself the necessary canvas for a picture. Cleaning up a place in the garret, she soon had a little studio of her own where she worked when sure that her husband was off on a visitation. The picture was a copy of one that James had finished. Discouraged, one day, by his failure to obtain the exact result he wished for, he threw down his brush, and, in a temper, left the house. Your grandmother had witnessed it all. Forgetful of her desire for secrecy, she picked up the discarded brush and, with a few strokes, obtained what her son had desired. Of course, after that, she had to confide in her boy, but it was agreed that, as your grandfather's birthday was near, she should finish the painting and present it to him. To make it a little more dramatic, James suggested that the two paintings, his and hers, should be placed side by side on the piano and that your grandfather should be called to decide which was the work of his son and which the picture supposed to be lent by his teacher. When, after close inspection, your grandfather declared his wife's to be the one belonging to the teacher, his surprise and delight knew no bounds.

From that day on, she painted at will. Finding that she could not secure the necessary quiet from servants and children, for your Uncle Martyn had been added

since they came to Washington,—a member of Congress, a warm friend of your grandparents, secured the use of an unused room in the Capitol which remained her studio until the family moved to Petersburg. During these years, Mr. Corcoran was of the greatest help to her. Your grandfather had officiated at his marriage. Being the lover of art that he was, he became deeply interested in your grandmother's rather peculiar case. Several of the pictures she copied were lent her by him. The fine portrait of your grandfather was painted by Charles Loring Elliot about this time.

Naturally, your grandfather was anxious to have his wife take lessons in drawing and painting but, after a talk with her, the teacher decided that beyond a little instruction in the mixing of paints and other technical work, there was nothing he could do for her. It was simply a case of the woman being found at the top of the hill by the man who had laboriously climbed up. With her delicate health and rapidly increasing family, for, by that time Robert had become a member,—all she could do was to make painting an unalloyed pleasure.

This silhouette of your grandfather was cut in 1841, by the greatest Silhouette-cutter of his time, August Edouart, who came to Washington for the purpose of cutting silhouettes. Whenever he cut one, he kept a duplicate for himself and had the person write his name and occupation on the back of his copy. He thought that in that way, he could lay up something for his old age. Naturally, he reasoned that descendants would be glad to purchase silhouettes of ancestors, particularly, if they were men of note.

After some months he started back to Europe, and was ship-wrecked on a rocky coast. It was several years before the ship was raised. On opening the vault, his silhouettes were found uninjured but, by that time, he was poor and in wretched health. So, he told the woman with whom he boarded, that, if she would take care of him until after he died, he would leave her a fortune which



SILHOUETTE OF HORACE STRINGFELLOW

he had in a trunk. But, when he did die, and the woman found nothing but pictures of men and papers which she could not read, she naturally supposed that she had been imposed upon and she relegated the trunk to her attic. However, she must have said a good deal about it for, an art collector who was out for what he could find heard of the trunk and brought it to New York where *The Literary Digest* gave an account of its strange preservation by land and sea.

In the move from Petersburg to Hanover, your grandfather's copy of the silhouette had been lost. Consequently, the family were much pleased when your cousin, W. W. Stringfellow, found among the silhouettes for sale, in New York, one of your grandfather with his name and occupation, "Rector of Trinity Church, Washington City, 1841" written by your grandfather on the back.

CHAPTER 13

UNCLE JAMES

While the family lived in Washington, your grandmother copied eight oil-paintings, all by good artists. The last was a painting of Christ and the three disciples in the Garden of Gethsemane the night of the betrayal. She completed the head and figure of our Saviour but the sleeping disciples are hardly more than discernible. That picture was given to her son Horace and, of course, has never been finished.

But to go back to your Uncle James. (It seems at times as if I take one step forward and two backward; but, I suppose I shall finish this sometime.) Soon after your grandmother started painting, James began to lose flesh, to have debilitating night sweats, and so on. When repeated bleedings failed to relieve him, a consultation of doctors was held. Much against the advice of the eldest, your grandfather decided to follow the youngest in what was considered a most radical treatment. Besides fresh air in the day, he was to sleep with open windows at night and never look at a paint-brush again. Of course, the boy was crushed and his mother as well.

Your grandfather had a half-brother, the son of Polly Plunket, (his father's second wife), who had graduated in law at the University of Virginia and then had gone west to practice his profession. He had been appointed Attorney General of his adopted state. Hearing of the condition of James, he wrote and begged that the boy be sent to him. Extolling the air of the distant prairie, he promised to see that his brother's son should be given an opportunity to inhale it. Very wisely, he refrained from explaining the manner in which that would be done, for again, there was a woman, and she a very tender hearted mother to be consulted. If your grandmother had been told that her sick boy was to be trusted to the tender mercies of Indians, no matter how friendly,

she would never have consented to have him leave Washington. But not knowing, she bravely assisted in his preparation for a visit, as she supposed, to his Uncle Frank.

Upon his arrival, James found installed as a member of his uncle's family a very attractive young girl. Never before having seen a girl whom he cared to look at twice, James promptly fell in love with her. That was not the worst, for the girl reciprocated his affection. As marriage was something entirely out of the question, the young people could only plight their troth to be true to each other for the three years that the Doctor said would be necessary for James to shake off the insidious disease that had attacked him. At the time, no member of the family realized the depth of feeling between the young people. As they said little, it was supposed to be more transitory than it turned out to be.

Your great uncle Frank had been able to secure some much wished for land, for a tribe of friendly Indians and thereby had won the gratitude of their chief. It was to this man that he looked for help for his nephew. After much consultation and the promise of a substantial sum, the Chief agreed that James should become his adopted son and be so regarded by his tribe.

The Indian Chief kept his promise to your Uncle Frank most faithfully. James learned to make himself understood by the tribe. He dressed in a blanket as they did, let his hair grow long, slept mostly on the ground and conformed to all of their customs. As he had never been much of a talker, the Indian silence did not prove irksome. He hunted and fished always with Indians selected by the Chief. He would make one of a line who lay with their ear to the ground listening for the sound of approaching Buffaloes. Then, when the animals were almost upon them, they would spring up and, by the waving of bright colored blankets, throw the herd into such confusion that other Indians on ponies could easily kill all that were wanted. Once, when the larger part of the

tribe were absent, another tribe threatened to destroy the women and children. Your Uncle James begged to be allowed to become one of their defenders and, as a reminder of that engagement, he carried the scar of an arrow to his dying day.

During the three years that he was absent, he was never able to communicate with his parents but once, for, the Indians, in search of new hunting grounds, moved farther from civilization. The one time was when his Chief told him that a number of Buffalo skins were to be sent back. Not having writing materials, he pulled a piece of bark from a tree and, with his pen knife, cut his initials. That bark eventually reached your grandfather through the mails, having been forwarded by your Uncle Frank.

It goes without my saying it that James kept account of the number of moons that had come and gone since he became an adopted Indian. He was now absolutely well and strong, able to endure the hardships of his foster brothers, yet craving the sight of family and of one particular friend. He said afterwards he would have deserted had it not been for fear of unfriendly Indians and the most insuperable difficulty of finding his way out of a strange country. But, when he was within ten days of the appointed time for returning, and the Chief had selected the Indian who was to accompany him to the borders of civilization, your Uncle James suddenly fell ill. A severe chill followed by a high fever rendered him delirious. The Indians did for him what they would have done for one of their own. They dug a trench, put in it a layer of hot stones, and then poured enough water on them to cause a steam. Wrapped in blankets, James was laid on the stones. Usually that would have ended a sickness. But the chill was only the beginning of a severe spell of fever. So, for weeks, he lay in a stupor with an old squaw attending him. Fortunately, the Chief was afraid to allow his medicine man to experiment upon him, for the last half of the sum promised by your Uncle

Frank was only to be given when James was produced safe and well. At last, a crisis was reached. James became conscious and asked the time of the moon. When told how long he had been sick, he insisted that the clothes he had kept should be brought to him.

But the effort to even sit up brought on a relapse and it was yet another week before he was himself again. Seeing that the young man was so restless, the Chief decided to make a stretcher and select a sufficient number of Indians to carry your Uncle James to the nearest town. When the poor boy found himself on the way home, he began to improve rapidly.

During the weeks of his illness, a tragedy had occurred at your Uncle Frank's. Convinced that James was dead, he and his wife had urged the young girl to marry a rich suitor who had been almost as faithful to the girl as she had been to James. But she kept putting him off. Not until she had interviewed an Indian and heard from him that James must be dead as he was so considered when he left the tribe, did she resign herself to conditions and marry the man.

At the first town the Indians reached, James was transferred to a cart and so, made the rest of the journey. When within a few miles of his objective, he saw a fine equipage approaching. It happened that the road ahead of him was too narrow to admit of two vehicles passing, so the driver of the equipage very considerably held up to allow the cart the right of way. While taking advantage of this, your Uncle James looked straight into the startled eyes of the girl he had hoped to marry. It was the only time they ever met. It was said afterwards that the girl fainted. However, that was, she did not live very long, and her body rests beneath a handsome monument in a large cemetery of a western town.

CHAPTER 14

BACK TO VIRGINIA

As your grandmother's health continued to fail, the Washington Doctors ascribed it to the dampness and malaria of the capitol city. When your grandfather received a call to Petersburg, Virginia, he was urged to accept it, which he did.

Upon reaching Petersburg, he was welcomed as a returned Virginian. At that time, St. Paul's had no rectory so the Vestry had rented what was afterwards known as the Meade House on Washington Street. With its large airy rooms, it was the very place for your grandmother.

But her husband could not resist his longing to own a home, so he purchased the end of the block running from Washington Street to Franklin Street. Having at that time a good negro carpenter and bricklayer, he set them to work on a frame house which was to be constructed from plans drawn by his own hands. Your grandmother turned the rest of the lot into a flower garden.

Among the many friends she had made since coming to Petersburg was Mrs. Robert Bolling of Center Hill. They were both worshippers of flowers and, as there were no professional florists in those days, the owners of gardens did a brisk business in exchanging plants of all kinds. A rose that your grandmother set out, a mere slip, was still blooming twenty-seven years later. Never having been trimmed, it had grown so tall that you had to reach up to gather its top-most blooms. It was of a variety called "musk-cluster" because of its delicious perfume.

In addition to their congeniality on the subject of nature, the Bolling family were in a Virginia sort of way connected with your grandfather for Mr. Bolling's sister had married Aunt Ann's brother and Aunt Ann was your grandfather's sister-in-law. Connections counted

for more in those days than they do now. Aunt Ann made frequent visits to Center Hill and was one of the few who ventured to disagree with the crusty owner. After the death of Aunt Ann's brother, his widow married again and, being of an economical turn of mind, insisted upon her second husband wearing out the shirts of his predecessor. It would not have been so bad but for the fact that the name marked large at the bottom of the stiff shirt bosom was Slaughter and the man wearing it was named Nash.

Among the many things remembered of Mr. Bolling is the following. He had been defeated for some public office by a very much younger man. Two weeks later, while walking down Sycamore Street, he was accidentally jostled by his successful opponent who most abjectly apologized, saying he did not see him. Eyeing him as only Mr. Bolling could, he replied, "I thought every puppy had his eyes open in nine days." But there were many things to the credit of the old Gentleman; i. e. provisions and fuel furnished widows and orphans.

CHAPTER 15

A MEMORIAL

But to return to your grandfather. It was the Vestry of St. Paul's church on Sycamore street opposite Franklin that called him and, when later the church was burned to the ground it is possible that he was the only man not seriously regretful of its passing for he had always realized the need for a larger building.

At that time, the old brick church, now called Blandford, was in ruins. Windows and doors had long since disappeared, roof was falling in, and only dirt floor remained. Many, many years, later, after the war, two gentlemen, Mr. Alexander Hamilton, Sr., and Mr. John D. Watkins, were returning from a funeral when they fell to talking of the sad state of the old church. Both pledged the other to do all in his power to remedy conditions. Mr. Watkins happened to be a member of the Common Council at that time, so, he began quietly but persistently presenting the matter to individual members. Mr. Hamilton did the same thing with citizens in general. At last public opinion was aroused. The Council appropriated funds and the matter was turned over to the Ladies Memorial Association who never rested until the work was accomplished. All of the windows are stained glass. Each one was donated by a Southern State who had troops fighting around Petersburg. When the last window was assured, Tiffany of New York, who had furnished the windows, gave the very handsome one over the door. So, Petersburg not only has a sacred mortuary chapel but a place of worship for occasional services as well. While the old church was a ruin, the following beautiful lines were written on the wall in pencil by an unknown author:



SAINT PAUL'S CHURCH, PETERSBURG, VIRGINIA

"Thou art crumbling to the dust, old pile,
Thou art hastening to thy fall;
And 'round thee in thy loneliness
Clings the ivy to thy wall;
The worshippers are scattered now
Who knelt before thy shrine,
And silence reigns where anthems rose
In days of "Auld Lang Syne."

And sadly sighs the wandering wind,
Where oft in years gone by
Prayer rose from many hearts to Him,
The Highest of the High;
The tread of many a noiseless foot
That sought thy aisles is o'er,
And many a weary heart around
Is still forevermore.

How doth ambition's hope take wing!
How droops the spirit now!
We hear the distant city's din;
The dead are mute below.
The sun that shone upon their paths
Now gilds their lonely graves;
The zephyrs which once fanned their brows
The grass above them waves.

Oh, could we call the many back
Who've gathered here in vain,—
Who've careless roved where we do now,
Who'll never meet again!
How would our very hearts be stirred
To meet the earnest gaze
Of the lovely and the beautiful,
The lights of other days.

CHAPTER 16

THE WIDOWER

Another warm friend of your grandmother was Mrs. Banister on Franklin Street. She also had a fine garden and, being closely related to the Bollings, it was a sort of family party that gathered at first one and then another of their homes. Among the many other friends were the Beckwiths, Mays, Withers and more than I can mention. But it was the Beckwith family that your grandfather mostly depended on during his wife's last illness. As there were no trained nurses, he had to rely on friends for assistance and then, as now, they were never wanting, in Petersburg at least.

After a few weeks of extreme sickness, your grandmother was no longer with him for God took her. She never saw the completion of the new house, corner of Washington and Adams Streets, nor gathered roses from the many slips furnished her by Mrs. Bolling and Mrs. Banister. She was buried in old Blandford Cemetery not far from the Church. She has a daughter, two grandsons and other kin-folk within speaking distance when they rise together on that blessed Resurrection Morn.

After her departure, your grandfather found himself in possession of an infant, six-weeks old, a daughter two, a boy four and yet another daughter seven. to say nothing of Martyn, Charles and Horace. James was still in the West. The others were at the Episcopal High School, William and Mary College and the Theological Seminary. As there was no orphanage your grandfather cared to patronize, the family had to come to the rescue.

Aunt Ann, like the Red Cross, was the first to appear. She came at your great grandfather's suggestion and carried off the infant who learned to call her "Mother", and who lived at the Retreat until she was half-grown.



THE AUTHOR AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN



MISS JESSIE J. BROWN, 1880

The two year old daughter was taken by your grandfather's sister, your Aunt Susan Walker. The day they returned home, one of her sons stood the little thing on the porch-table and invited the family to say what she most resembled. With not a dissenting voice, all exclaimed, "A motherless child". For that reason, or because she was as fragile as her mother and it was thought she would not be long in following her to the cemetery, that cousin made it his duty to see that the little girl was as happy as possible during the time that she remained with them, which was not very long. For, your Uncle Horace had made a pet of the child since her birth and his mother had promised him that, if he ever married, she should be given to him.

When he was ordained and married to Miss Mary Green of Alexandria, they came by on their wedding trip and picked up the five year old little girl. They made the journey by carriage from Alexandria to Harper's Ferry, which was your uncle Horace's first parish. They were late in arriving at night so the bride delivered her first lecture on astronomy to the little girl by her side.

The bride was what was called a "Blue-stockings" in those days, being a lady of much learning. She prepared two students in Hebrew and Greek, for the theological seminary, and was now most desirous of putting more into the head of her little sister than the little sister was capable of receiving. To her, belongs the credit of teaching the child all that she ever knew; for, by reason of the child's delicate health, she was never allowed to see the inside of a school house. She studied her lessons in the morning and her sister examined her later in the day.

Those were the days when children repeated their lessons verbatim and answers to questions remained in their minds as if they had been engraved thereon. As an aid to perfect recitation, sturdily built children pounded their chests while committing to memory some par-

ticularly difficult lesson and if forbidden, looked perfectly hopeless of ever accomplishing the task.

When your grandfather had been a widower for two or more years, a warm clerical friend from Richmond spent a night with him. Being deeply touched by the sight of the neglected looking home and the two badly attended to children, the gentleman took it upon himself to touch upon a delicate subject, that of a second marriage for your grandfather. He not only urged him to marry but said that he could furnish the very woman who would make him a good wife and be kind to his children. Your grandfather promised to think it over. Shortly after, he paid a visit to his friend in Richmond for the express purpose of finding out more about the lady in question. He was told that she was a most active member of his church, President of the Sewing Society, not young, (your grandfather had made a point of that) but still young enough to look after his house, servants and children. Worn almost to a frazzle by the discomfort and unhappiness of the last two years, your grandfather commissioned his clerical friend to sound the lady and write him what she said. Later on, Rev. Mr. Woodbridge had the pleasure of introducing your grandfather to Miss Camilla Harris of Richmond. In time, they were married, and never had reason to regret the step they had taken.

Of the three love letters your grandfather wrote, one fell into the hands of your grandmother's own daughter and was shown by her to her step-sisters. A more beautiful treatise on the duties of a woman who was about to marry a widower with children was never composed. He begged her even then to reconsider the matter if there was a doubt in her mind. The letter made such an indelible impression upon one of the step-daughters that it influenced her life, long after she had married a widower with children.

After his marriage, your grandfather moved to the new house he had built at the corner of Washington and

Adams streets. For some reason, may be to give work to his negro carpenters and bricklayers, he then had put up a brick house next door, but never lived in it.

He soon wrote and asked that your Aunt Susan Walker send him his little daughter for a visit. As he had told his new wife that she would have only two children to contend with he did not feel free to suggest anything but a visit. Sitting in his study, he heard such shouts of laughter that he felt impelled to investigate. From an open window, he saw that some one had removed shoes and stockings from the lately arrived guest, had then set her down in the middle of the gravel walk and was calling to her to 'come'. She had evidently tried to obey but, when your grandfather saw her, she was holding one foot up, the little pink toes turned under, while she looked about for a softer spot in which to place it. The only feeling she manifested was the trembling of her lips and a sudden beseeching glance to the man at the window. Laying aside his book, your grandfather, without a word, passed through the group on the porch, caught up his little daughter, and, with her head pressed close to his shoulder, went in search of her nurse. Although the incident was never alluded to, it formed an indestructible bond between parent and child.

CHAPTER 17

THE CALL

During the time your grandfather lived in Petersburg, he was visited by four young girls, all of whom met, what Howells calls their "divine possibility". The first one to marry was his niece Mary Walker, daughter of John Walker of Madison and Susan your grandfather's sister. After her marriage, she was taken by her husband, David Tennant, a tobacconist of Petersburg, on what was considered a very long wedding journey. They went to Niagara and other points North. Returning, they stopped in New York to see the sights and were put in a room of the Hotel in which a man had died of Cholera. The room had been simply swept and dusted and the bed clean-sheeted. The excuse given by the manager afterwards was that Mr. Tennant had asked to have the best room and he had complied with his request. Mary was taken sick the day after they arrived. Mr. Tennant telegraphed to your grandfather who reached the young couple an hour before Mary died. To show the lack of sanitation, I shall mention that her body lay in state, as it were, in the parlor of the Tennant house, visited by host of friends until the funeral services were over. Your grandfather accompanied the truly distressed husband to Rosnie, the home of her parents and committed Mary's body to mother earth in the little private grave yard at the end of the garden. Later on, Mr. Tennant had erected a tall shaft with the appropriate words, "Mary, The Master has come and calleth for thee." For many years, Mr. Tennant made a pilgrimage to that spot.

But, speaking of cholera, reminds me that, as long as there was a case in America, Petersburg people kept a certain cholera medicine on hand for emergency cases. Those who had tasted it declared the remedy to be worse than the disease. About the time of Mary Tennant's marriage, another young couple were planning their wed-

ding tour. The groom to be, was expatiating upon the attractions to be found in a certain city when the girl's mother objected, saying she had seen in a paper that cholera was raging there. Waving her objection lightly aside, the young man explained that he had had it. Drawing herself up, Mrs. Dunlop declared, "But my daughter has not." That settled the trip, but not the wedding which was solemnized in due time.

The next young visitor to be married was Maria Hall, daughter of John Byrd Hall of Fredericksburg and his wife Harriet, another sister of your grandfather. Maria married a young lawyer, W. L. Watkins and they lived most happily together until the third year of the War Between the States when she died and now rests in Blandford cemetery.

Of the nieces of your grandfather's new wife, the eldest Helen Burrell, daughter of Blair Burrell of Powhatan County married Richard Pegram, a lawyer and her young sister Margaret married your grandfather's son Charles also a lawyer. Many, many years later, the brothers-in-law formed a partnership and moved to Richmond. But one of the Pegram girls having married Mr. George Cameron Sr., continued to live in Petersburg.

I do not need to state that, for sometime after these marriages, your grandfather received most affectionate letters from the younger members of the family asking for an invitation to his home. But the house was filling up again, for his new wife had presented him with three children: two boys, Harris and Howard and one daughter, Mary Tennant, named for her unfortunate cousin who had died of cholera. Of these three children, only one, Howard ever married. He was fortunate enough to secure as a wife Miss Effie Manson of Boston whose unremitting attentions prolonged his life many years. In many respects, Howard was like his father—optimistic and cheerful.

As time ran on, your grandfather's second wife grew increasingly anxious for more spacious play grounds for

her children. So, when her husband received a Call to Fork and Trinity churches, Hanover County, she urged his acceptance. Before making the change, he had to take leave of a congregation who had stood back of him in all of his undertakings. It would be impossible to name the many who had endeared themselves by loving attention to his sick and dying wife. At a meeting of the congregation, he was given a very handsome water pitcher upon which was inscribed:

Presented to
Rev. Horace Stringfellow
by members of
St. Paul's Congregation
Petersburg, Va.,
Nov. 1854.

On the other side was:

“Jesus said, ‘Whosoever drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but, whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him, shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into ever-lasting life.’”—John 4th chapter, 13th verse.

That pitcher was valued so highly that he never allowed it to be put out of sight or used by the household. It stood always by itself on a little table not far from his chair.

CHAPTER 18

THE RECTORY OF FORK CHURCH

When your grandfather reached the Rectory of Fork Church, Hanover County, he found it to be a one and a half story, rambling building surrounded by trees of many and various kinds. One was an apple tree which had pushed its way in between the roof and a decaying window. To an artist's eye, the place would have been a delight. On a moonlight night, the shadows, by reason of the different kinds of trees and vines were wierdly fantastic. It was a house in which to dream dreams and imagine you saw strange sights.

But your grandfather was of too practical a turn of mind to let mere beauty prevent him from giving his family a home where they would be reasonably free from malaria. So, he selected a sight and built a most comfortable house somewhat on the lines of his old home The Retreat.

In one respect, it was peculiar inasmuch as the rooms on one side of the hall with the exception of his own chamber had no entrance on the hall. When asked why he planned them so, his wife would explain that, where there were children, it was well to prevent a sudden appearance of unwanted youngsters. Your grandfather never said anything. The rest of the family surmised that he had built these rooms according to instructions.

Of the thirteen rooms, there was one which was altogether charming. In spite of the low ceiling and dormer windows, there was an atmosphere so relaxing, independent of who occupied it, so conducive to an expression of one's inmost feelings that, if you had anything to conceal, you were almost afraid to expose yourself to it, especially, before the candles were lighted and when the fire was dying down. In time, that room became the school room, for there were several children to be educated and this could only be done at home,

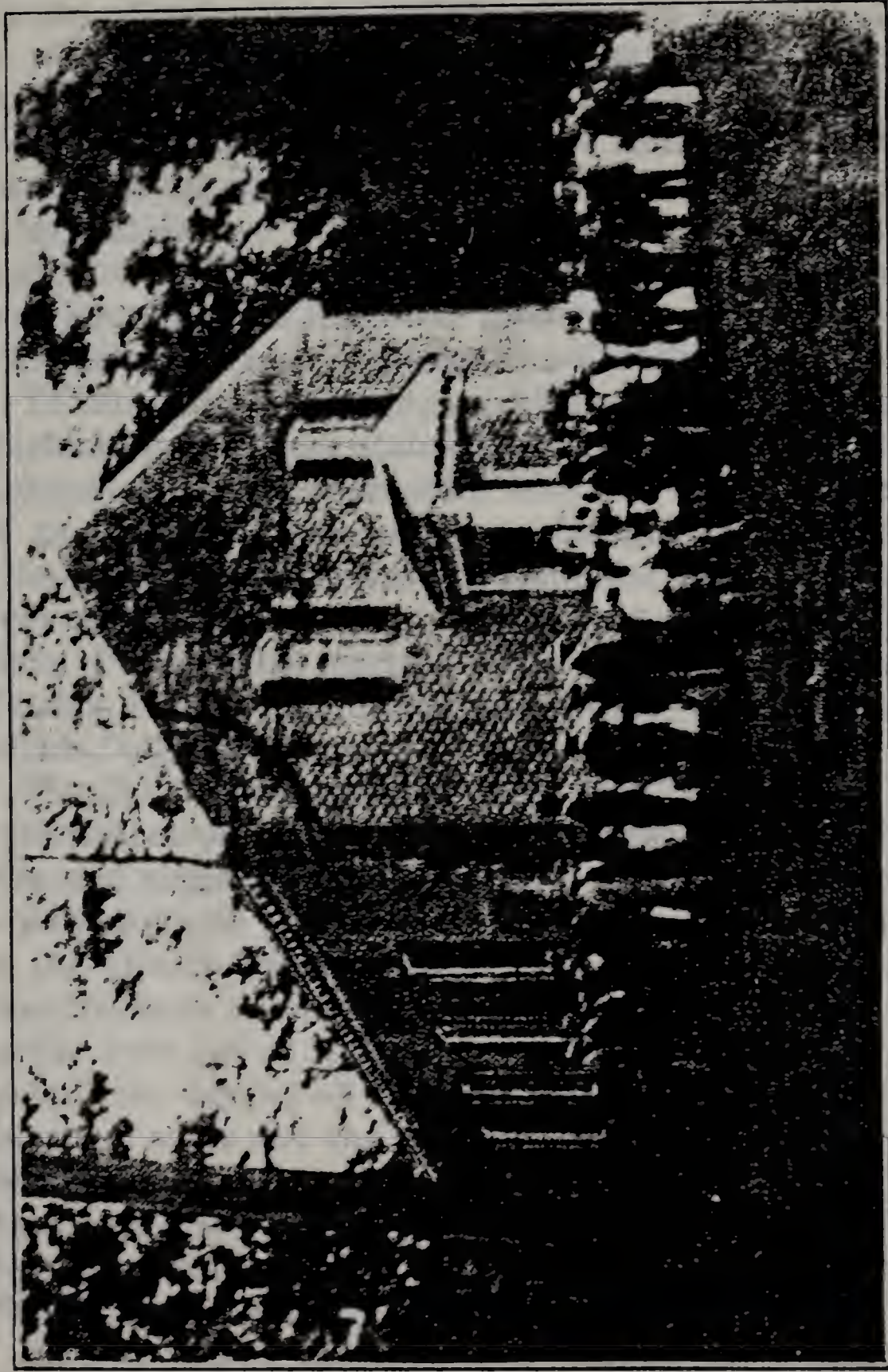
until they reached an age when they could be sent to boarding school and college.

Of all the teachers who came and went, one, Miss Nina Powell of Alexandria stands out most prominently. As a teacher of latin and mathematics for boys, she had few equals. I should like to tell of her happy marriage and interesting family, but fear that, if I get side-tracked, I shall never be able to move on, so will resist the temptation.

The front porch to the house was not large enough to accommodate the family so the young people and children overflowed onto the steps which were necessarily many since the basement was almost above ground. One afternoon, in an excess of politeness, your grandfather moved his chair too near the edge of the porch. One leg of the chair fell to the next step and, in a moment, he was pitched to the ground. Evidently, in a desire to render first aid, someone jerked up a pitcher of water and dashed the contents on his head. The fall and the wetting were enough to make a Saint speak out. But your grandfather laughingly called for a towel and returned to his chair on the porch none the worse for either.

As soon as the house was built, it was christened "Forest Hill"—why "Hill" since there was no such thing in the surrounding country was a question frequently asked. Your grandfather contended that as the spot upon which the house stood was the highest in the neighborhood, it deserved its name. "Forest" was alright as the pecks of black walnut and hickory nuts picked up in the Fall testified.

The people of the parish which included both Fork and Trinity church were, strictly speaking, of the "Old South". Their very names gave them away. Nelsons, Pages, Berkeleys, Minors, Nolands, Fontaines, Cooks and others connected them with Colonial times in Virginia. I cannot do better than quote from Thomas Nelson Page's "Old Days in Old Virginia". He says, "In writing of the South, there is no better starting point than that old Co-



OLD FORK CHURCH, HANOVER COUNTY, VIRGINIA

lonial country of Virginia where the settlers came over with the benediction of the church and the backing of the Crown. Their strong feeling of loyalty displayed itself in the names bestowed upon rivers and lands. Virginia itself was a proof of devotion to the Queen. The noble Powhatan river was changed to the James and the capes that guarded the Chesapeake were named Charles and Henry after two princes. Queen Ann had no less than four rivers named after her, one being the Rapid Anna now known as the Rapidan. Among the counties is Hanover, King George, Charlotte and Caroline.

To illustrate the feeling of Virginians just before the Revolution, Mr. Page states that when Dunmore, the last Colonial Governor, took sides with the Crown, the name of the county of Dunmore was changed to Shenandoah, "Daughter of the Stars". Within the borders of Hanover was born Henry Clay, and, at Scotch Town, was born Dolly Payne, who married "The great little Madison". Patrick Henry once owned the Scotch Town house in which Dolly was born.

The old Colonial church, "The Fork", of which your grandfather was rector, still stands amid the cedars, massive and simple, a monument to a civilization almost as wholly gone as the named and un-named dead who lie in the church yard around. But, at the time of your grandfather's rectorship, Old Fork was in her glory. The people were not so rich but were "comfortably off". The plantations ranged all the way from five hundred to one thousand acres and the servants on each numbered from twenty-five to seventy-five. Every family kept a carriage and every young man had his riding horse. There was little ready money for the maintenance of "The Place", took it all.

Like Culpeper, Hanover was lavish in hospitality. "Spending the day" was the ordinary form of diversion. But Sunday was observed with almost puritanical strictness. Not to attend church even over five or ten miles of dust or mud required a mighty good excuse.

Mr. Page describes your grandfather as being a tall distinguished looking man who believed in conversion and preached it with a vigor of tone and gesture which was not without effect. He read the service in a surplice, then went to the robing room which was at the entrance to the church and changed into a black silk gown. The change was made to show the difference between the service which consisted of prayer and praise to God and the sermon which was man's work. Mr. Page says: "I can see him now come striding up the aisle with his flowing gown streaming behind him, and his sermon clutched in his hand like a weapon. He ascended the steep stairs to the high pulpit, prayed for strength, pushed the big Bible out of the way and began." Justice, as well as mercy was his theme."

When the service was over, then the carriages drove up and the ladies were helped in, and with mutual invitations to dinner, they drove off. An invitation to dinner given at the big gate was never accepted. It was quite well understood that it was given on the spur of the moment. It was not unusual to see several carriages turn in at a single gate. Such were conditions in Hanover during the earlier years of your grandfather's residence there.

CHAPTER 19

UNCLE JAMES PAYS A VISIT

To make myself better understood later on, I shall now sketch rapidly your Uncle James' doings since his return from the West. As soon as his health would permit, he engaged in business in New Orleans. While there, he decided to take a year off and visit his relatives in Virginia. After spending a few months with his father he wended his way Northward. His older brother Horace was then rector of St. James Church, Hyde Park-on-the-Hudson and had insisted upon James giving him a winter.

To those who had not seen James for years, there was little of the boy left. Over six feet tall and as straight as the Indians he had lived with, he also resembled them in his bronze complexion and in the keen grey eyes of a hunter. To make him more striking in appearance, there had come a streak of pure white hair more than an inch in width and running back to the crown of his head. When and why it had come, no one ever questioned, and to it, he never alluded.

He reached Hyde Park in the late Fall and, to him, the change of climate from New Orleans and even Virginia was delightful. He slept with his windows wide open when the thermometer hovered around zero and even lower. Worse still in the opinion of his sister-in-law, Horace's wife, he kept a lighted pipe between his lips.

When the Hudson began to freeze over, he was a leader of every sport in which the young people engaged. He taught them much that they would never have ventured to attempt without assurance from him of its safety.

Among the children, there was one young girl of sixteen who proved to be his most apt pupil. Bright as the proverbial button and with courage equal to his own, they became fast friends. The friendship was solidified by the fact of your Uncle James having been made wel-

come to her father's home; first, on account of his being the rector's brother, but, soon, on his own account. The young girl was Gertrude Paulding, a niece of James K. Paulding, the writer.

Gertrude had a younger sister Mary, who ranked as a child and was a friend of your Uncle Horace's adopted sister who had made her home with him ever since he was married. But Gertrude was in a class by herself, owing not only to her age, but to her unusual intellect as well. At that time, there was still a sore spot in your Uncle's heart which made him indifferent to the charms of the young ladies of St. James' church. In the half grown girl, he found much that was congenial. He enjoyed seeing her eyes open wide in surprise and excitement at the tales he told of his life with the Indians.

At that time, it was the fashion of the dudes to wear very tight pants. While your Uncle James did not rightly belong in that class, he did like to be in style. Once when he had descended the river bank and struck ice at the bottom the tailor's stitches gave way. Gertrude was quick to see the accident and his discomfiture. Placing a hand on his shoulder, she skated close beside him until they reached a spot way from the crowd and convenient to the Rectory. He never forgot it.

Things were at this stage when Spring opened and a telegram was received calling your grandfather's three children to Hanover. A most serious accident was given as the reason.

CHAPTER 20

AN ACCIDENT

On a bright Spring morning in 1858, your grandfather, wife and eldest daughter left home to take dinner with Dr. Robert C. Nelson and family of "Winfield". While not related to Colonel Nelson, grandfather of Thomas Nelson Page and Rosewell Page, he was a neighbor and warm friend. Your grandfather was riding a handsome mare whom he had named May after his father's animal at The Retreat. May's master had a very risky habit of dropping the bridle on her neck while he was putting on his gloves. Feeling at liberty to display her agility, she naturally took advantage of her master's lack of prudence and cavorted round and round to the dismay of his wife and eldest daughter. Remonstrated with, your grandfather declared he could always control a horse with his knees, adding jocularly, "May has too much sense to hurt me anyhow". This might have been so, for the only time when she ever threw him, was into a mud puddle. Who could blame a spirited animal for being startled by a pack of hounds in full cry after a fox?

On this occasion your grandmother and her eldest step-daughter were in the heavy family carriage with carpet covered steps to be let down and up for the convenience of their sex. Old Uncle Si, one of the negroes who had come to your grandfather after the Strother estate had been settled, was driving a pair of rather skittish horses. It had been planned that, after dinner, they would pay a visit to two maiden sisters, strange to say, each of whom had sprained an ankle on the same day and were then housebound. All went well.

When the lavish meal had been enjoyed, Mrs. Nelson agreed to make one of the party and, after a two hour visit and prayers for the afflicted, they prepared to start home. Your grandfather enquired if anyone had

heard the whistle of the afternoon train. The train had to pass through a rather long cut before crossing the country road and he had often spoken of the possibility of accidents at that spot. No one had heard it, but, as it was then nearly an hour after train time, he concluded that the animated conversations of five ladies and one man, who could always be depended upon to hold his own in any group of people, had drowned the sound of the whistle.

Your grandmother, who never enjoyed driving behind anything but farm horses suggested to her husband that Uncle Si and himself swap places. Always considerate of the fears of women-kind, your grandfather climbed up to the high seat of the carriage and Uncle Si mounted May.

With the necessity of careful handling of two spirited horses and the rumbling of heavy wheels over a rocky road, your grandfather never heard nor saw the approaching train. Just as the team stepped on the track, the locomotive struck them. One horse was instantly killed. The other lived long enough to leave the impression of a hoof on the forehead of your grandmother.

But your grandfather from his position, naturally, was the greatest sufferer. The carriage had been swung around against the engine. The entire top and the ladies were found huddled together while your grandfather lay on his back fifty yards away. He had eleven fractures, not one below his waist, and his watch had not lost a minute of time. When Si found him, for he was hidden by a mass of sage grass and bushes, he was breathing so heavily that the negro thought he was dying and set up a heart breaking wail. Your grandfather looked at him and, as well as he could speak with both jaw bones broken, ordered him to bring a carriage cushion and place it under his shoulder. Convinced that he was dying, Si, after bringing the cushion was afraid to touch him. Not until your grandfather had repeated his order in a way to make Si remember who was mas-

ter, did the negro have courage to do what he was told. Instantly, the five broken ribs sprang into position and your grandfather drew a long breath. He had never lost consciousness and knew exactly what had happened.

After the train was out of sight, the fireman remarked that he thought they had hit something. When the train was backed up, this is what the passengers saw: two dead horses, one horribly mutilated, three unconscious women mixed up with carriage wreckage, and one calmly composed man giving orders to a weeping negro. Leaving a few volunteers, the train sped on to Richmond and returned in record time bringing seven Doctors but no nurses. Nurses were unknown luxuries at that time.

After a quick examination, it was decided that your grandfather would be certain to die from the shock, if nothing else, so they turned their attention to the three ladies who were still unconscious. Just then, Dr. Nelson appeared followed by servants bearing cots. News traveled fast by underground railway in those days. When all that could be done had been accomplished, five of the Doctors boarded the coach which had been kept waiting for them and returned to Richmond. Two remained to watch with Uncle Si the last moments, as they supposed, of your grandfather who was either unconscious or taking a long nap; he could never decide which. When he opened his eyes, a full moon had flooded the lonely country side. Tall pines cast shadows over and around him. A screech owl called to its mate and the tree frogs were having a concert all by themselves. Your grandfather was cold from long exposure. The accident occurred at five and it was then after eight. The two Doctors were sitting on a log talking in subdued tones. Your grandfather told Si to ask them what they were waiting for. Then, as suspicion of the truth flashed into his mind, he added, "Tell them I am not going to die."

When the Doctors received that message, felt the strong pulse, and looked into the bright eyes of their

patient, they made preparations to move him. When placed on a comfortable bed at Dr. Nelson's, two arms, one broken at the wrist and above the elbow, shoulder blade and collar bone were attended to. Nothing was done to the broken jaws either then or for a week later. Convinced at last that your grandfather was going to live, they set about straightening his jaws. But mother nature had gotten ahead of them and the crooked jaws which necessitated the giving of all nourishment through a glass tube, had united and had to be broken apart before they could be set. It was that which caused your grandfather to grow a beard which hid the best feature of his face, the well shaped, attractive mouth.

As soon as they could be reached, every child, seven sons and four daughters, were at his bedside. It was the first time that all had ever been under the same roof and, even now, they were only under it in the day for, when you consider that four bedrooms were occupied by the injured and several others had to be reserved for elder members of the family who arrived by every train, you can easily see that more than half of your grandfather's sons slept in the open. With a sofa cushion under his head and a lighted pipe in his mouth, your Uncle James declared the next morning that he had had the best night since leaving Kansas. The three youngest, Robert, Harris, Howard, sure that what their father said would go and he had said he was not going to die, took off their jackets, rolled them up for a pillow and spent their first night under a tree. It was days before Harris stopped telling of the number and variety of bugs and insects that passed in and out of his ears, but Robert, accustomed to the hard beds of the Episcopal High School, made no complaint. Little did he dream how soon for four long years he would know nothing better. Of course, your Aunt Eliza was there. She had come from Culpeper to read the Daily Portion to her beloved brother and pursue stray flies with a bunch of turkey feathers which she had thoughtfully put in her trunk.

It was then that your Uncle James wrote his first letter to his young friend Gertrude Paulding. The correspondence, then started, continued off and on until the day of his death, ten years later.

With never a degree of fever and always a good appetite, your grandfather steadily improved. Six weeks from the time that he was injured, he stood in his pulpit in old Fork church with both arms still in slings but carefully hidden by the sleeves of his black silk gown, and preached to a crowded congregation from the text: "The living, the living, he shall praise Thee as I do this day; the father to the children shall make known Thy truth."—Isaiah 38:19.

His son Charles having lately graduated in law at the University of Virginia, was most anxious to bring suit for damages. Many letters had been received from passengers offering to testify that the warning whistle had not been blown. But your grandfather would not hear of it, saying that it was not seemly for a minister of the Gospel to appear in court. However, he did accept a lifelong pass for his wife and himself to Richmond. That he got full value for horses and carriage was laughingly asserted by the family every time he made the trip which was sometimes twice a week, for he did dearly love to see for himself what was going on in the city.

CHAPTER 21

THE WAR 1861-1865

Being a dyed in the wool "Whig" like his father before him, your grandfather was opposed to secession. He did not doubt that the States had the right to leave the Union. He had been too close a student of American History for that. "However," he said, "things legal are not always expedient." He felt that, if the Southern States had been allowed to leave peaceably, they might in time, finding out for themselves that in union there is strength, have as peaceably returned.

To show the feeling in Alabama, which had just passed the ordinance of secession, I quote from a letter written by the cultured and highly educated wife of one of Montgomery's most distinguished lawyers, Jefferson Franklin Jackson, January 12th, 1861. She says: "We found the convention hushed and in tears. Old men wept. Judge Phelan said that Israel should now no more vex Judah and Judah vex Ephriam, but peace would be in our borders—I hope that the Government will not attempt coercion. Then matters can be arranged by treaty and we can go North as usual and feel very proud of our independence."

But your grandfather had spent too many years in Washington to hope for much. It seemed to him a case of the blind leading the blind and he had little doubt but that both parties would fall into the ditch of War. Not until Virginians were called upon to level their guns at the men of their sister states of the South, did he give up all hope of averting war. From that time on, his one aim was to help the Confederacy.

Of course, the first thing for him to do was to give his consent to the enlistment of four of his seven sons. The eldest Horace was Rector of Christ Church, Indianapolis and the two boys, Harris and Howard, by his second marriage were only eleven and thirteen.

He made but one request of the four. That was that no two should join the same division of the army. In that respect, he was unlike most of the parents who wanted each son to have the companionship of a brother. Your grandfather reasoned that his chances of losing two in the same battle were lessened by having his boys scattered. So this is the way they managed it.

Your Uncle James who was in business in New Orleans collected a Company of rough and ready men who elected him Captain. By strict discipline, he brought them to such perfection as soldiers that they were considered the best fighters in their regiment.

The next son Charles, closed his law office in Petersburg and enlisted as a private in the Petersburg Rifles. From then on, he was promoted until he was made Captain and assigned to duty in the Adjutant General's department on the staff of General Samuel H. Jones. Later on, he was promoted to the rank of Major under which title he served throughout the war.

The next son Henry Martyn, left the Theological Seminary near Alexandria and threw in his lot with the Fredericksburg Battery of Artillery. He was led to do that by reason of his affection for two members, both cousins, Frank and John Byrd Hall. The latter was killed in battle. It was not long before Martyn was found unable to stand the eyesight test and so was moved from one to another command until, at last, he was placed on the staff of General McGruder and went with him to Texas.

The baby boy, Robert, left the Episcopal High School and joined the cavalry. For some little time, it was a joke with his brothers that the youngest, and one who ought to have been the strongest, had selected what was sometimes considered the easiest arm of the service. But, when the boy was dangerously wounded, one did not hear much of that.

A few months after war was declared, thirteen brothers and cousins had enlisted. As the war progressed,

your grandmother proved to be a wonderful manager, making every edge cut. It was not long before she took into her capable hands farm as well as house, and a fortunate thing it was that she did; for, the negroes, demoralized by the excitement, had given up work and your grandfather was too much occupied to observe it.

His days were pretty much like this: early breakfast preceded by prayers; then, rain, hail, or shine, Sundays excepted, on May for a five mile ride to the Post Office where he always found others, like the Athenians of old, waiting to hear some new thing about the war. After they (not your grandfather) had definitely settled upon the very last day that the conflict could last, he rode home and, after hearing read any letters that his daughters had received, (He never broke the seal, even of a child's letter) he would retire for a much needed nap. After dinner, he was on May again to carry the news to families who could not afford a newspaper. He never left without having had prayers for family and soldiers. You who never heard your grandfather pray can have no conception of the meaning of the word "intercession". Among many of his expressions there was one that, when reading travels, particularly of the desert, always comes to mind. The tone in which he asked that "God be to each one present as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land" is indescribable. At other times, the childlike humility of his petitions brought tears to a hearer's eyes. Desirous that the children should take part in the morning and evening devotions, he always ended with the Lord's Prayer.

CHAPTER 22

UNCLE HORACE IN INDIANAPOLIS

About 1859, your Uncle Horace severed his connections with St. James at Hyde Park and accepted a call to Christ Church, Indianapolis. His sole reason for leaving the former was that there was no field for his energies. He considered Hyde Park a parish that ought to be kept for older men. As you all know, he entered upon his duties as Rector of Christ Church at a very critical time in the history of the country.

After barely a year, he began to feel that he had made a mistake in coming. That was no place for a Southern man. His congregation needed and should have had a Rector who could rejoice when they rejoiced and sorrow with them as well. So he sent in his resignation, really thinking that it would be a relief to his Vestry to have him do so. To his surprise, they refused to accept it; saying, that the war would soon be over and that he was needed to see work that he had started brought to a completion. Although he did not agree with them about the war being so soon over, he withdrew his resignation and was soon glad that he had done so. For, the prisoners from Fort Donelson, Tennessee, arrived and were confined outside of the City. Armed with a pass to come and go at will, he was able to cheer many a discouraged boy and to pray beside many a sick bed. The prisoners also were permitted with a guard to visit the Rectory.

On one occasion, a little girl, wanting to do as she saw others doing, offered her greatest treasure, a cake of sweet scented soap to a fun-loving young prisoner. In a half whisper, he inquired of a companion, "Pete, is my face dirty?" Quick as a flash, the giver answered for Pete, "No, it is not now, but it will be before you get home and then you will wish you had a cake of soap." Taken aback by the storm he had raised, the young fel-

low was most abject in his apologies and later on the two became the best of friends.

All that time, the war fever was rising higher and higher. In one of the large show windows of a store was placed the wax figure of a man dressed in grey uniform. The jacket was streaked with blood and the hole where the bullet had found its mark was plainly visible. Before that window, stood men, women and children three deep as long as the exhibition lasted. When at length, a rope, with a warning in writing attached to it, was laid at your Uncle's door, he again sent in his resignation. Strange to say, that also was rejected, so unwilling were some of the Vestry even then to believe that hostilities could continue long.

But a guard was asked of Governor Morton. It was with a feeling of relief that the family heard the order "Stack Arms" given by an officer to a squad of United States regulars in front of the Rectory where they and others remained night and day until they were ordered to the front and the Rector and family boarded a train for Alexandria.

During the time that the troops kept guard before the Rectory, the Major in command and your Uncle grew to be warm friends. Every evening was spent together in the comfortable Study of the later. The Major told how as a poor boy of Tennessee he had made his way upward until he entered West Point. With a strong sense of the obligation he was under to the Government, he had decided to continue with his regiment. That a powerful pressure was being brought to bear upon him by family and friends, he never denied. Your Uncle, being what he was, could only urge the officer to do his duty as he then saw it. As time passed, the Major showed himself not only an upstanding West Pointer but a sincere soldier of the Cross as well. On the last, but one of those many pleasant evenings spent together, the Major asked for one of your Uncle's visiting cards. Having written a request to friend or foe to return it to

the address on the envelope, he remarked while slipping it into his pocket, "I don't think it will be long before you receive this." As that was the second time he had alluded to a premonition of his death, your Uncle tried to cheer him with thoughts of a good time coming when the war would be over. But the officer shook his head, saying that death would be for him the only solution of a very difficult problem.'

A few months later, your Uncle James was leading a charge in a battle in Tennessee. An officer of the other side was leading one also. Both men were well ahead of their troops. For the few moments that they faced each other, your Uncle James was struck by the soldierly appearance of his enemy who, with upraised sword, called to his men to 'follow'. In an instant, sword and officer went down together, and your Uncle James was forced to spring over the body. At the setting of the Sun, a flag of truce allowed both armies to gather up their dead and wounded.

It was then that your Uncle James saw the officer for the second time. Supposing him to be dead, he was about to pass by when he heard the word "Water" and saw that the man was still alive. Putting his canteen to the dying man's lips, he also saw that, while trying to swallow, the officer was fumbling at his inside breast pocket. Wishing to aid him, your Uncle James drew out an envelope. The look of satisfaction in the fast glazing eyes made him open it. Amazed at sight of his brother's visiting card, he slipped it into his own pocket just as stretcher bearers demanded to know what he had stolen from a dead man's pocket. There was no reason on earth why he should not have made an explanation but it was one of those times when a man just will not be made to do anything. So, your Uncle James turned on his heel and left those men to wonder the rest of their lives what it could have been that a Johnny Reb took from the pocket of a Federal officer.

CHAPTER 23

PRIVATIONS OF WAR

Truthfully, it may be said that your great Uncle, Dr. John Byrd Hall of Fredericksburg was a gentleman of extraordinary dimensions. He wore a wig in the day which, when flustered, he pushed to one side and he wore a red flannel cap at night. When clad in a long white gown, candle in hand, he went from room to room to make sure that his seven sons were all in place, he must have been a sight to behold. Whenever there were visitors present and he was seen to take out his big silk handkerchief, his wife always raised her hand in warning of the sneeze that was to follow. There is a tradition in the family that once the concussion was so great that it knocked over a fire screen in front of the chimney. But, be that as it may, he was a fine old Christian gentleman, the very soul of truth and honor if he did send back that empty wagon to his father-in-law at the Retreat when the horse fell in his cellar.

When Burnside's troops were fighting around Fredericksburg, he was desperately ill. For some reason, his name was one of a list of gentlemen who were to be arrested. But, when the soldiers appeared, his physician stationed himself at the front door and announced that they would have to pass over his dead body before seeing his patient. Promising to return the next day, they departed. But there was no one to see the next day for your great Uncle had died in the night.

There being no communication at that time between Fredericksburg and Hanover, your grandfather had not heard of his brother-in-law's death until a wagon containing his sister Harriet and her four or five motherless young grand-daughters stopped at the gate. The driver was her eldest son Horace, father of the girls. He had brought the family out of Fredericksburg in the only vehicle that he could obtain. Although he had not been



JOHN B. HALL

able to ask permission, it speaks well for both parties that he should have felt free to land six persons at the door of a country Rectory where they were to remain for an indefinite period.

The meeting of your grandfather and his lately widowed sister was most pathetic for he not only had to hear of the loss of her husband but also of a splendid young son killed in battle. You can well believe that his eyes were all blue as he tenderly welcomed the refugees to his heart and home.

At a time like that, there was never any question of board. Each party took and gave what he could. In this case, knowing that provisions must necessarily be getting low, your Cousin Horace used the horse and wagon to make excursions into distant parts of Virginia and even North Carolina in search of food. Under other circumstances, it would have been laughable to see what he collected. But every item of eatable food was joyfully welcomed and enjoyed.

Having always been accustomed to a bountiful table, it was beautiful to see the spirit in which your grandfather accepted the privations of war. With a twinkle of his eye, he would declare that there would not be a dyspeptic left in Virginia; that they had always eaten too much anyway. And his grace offered over a supper of buttermilk, hot corn pone and homemade sorghum was just as fervent as a pre-war one over hot rolls, beaten biscuit, batter bread, ham and eggs, honey, and preserves.

When, as sometimes happened, his wife would secure some unusual delicacy and place it beside his plate, he would sweep the table with observing eyes in search of some one with whom to divide it. It was then that his children helped his wife to play the game, rattling knives and forks and each one talking. He soon caught on, and, with a most gracious, all embracing smile, would eat and enjoy what was set before him.

Once, a very bright boy who had been spending a few days with Harris and Howard was asked upon his return home the universal question, "What did they have to eat?" He replied, "They had dried apples for breakfast, water for dinner, and the apples swelled for supper." Thinking to give him a laugh, it was repeated to your grandfather but he did not see the funny side and gravely remarked: "If we ever have to come to that, I shall still be thankful if only I know that the boys in Lee's Army are fareing better."

When a call for meat for the army came, your grandfather went to the smoke house and, with his own hands, laid aside bacon enough to provide family and servants with one piece a week until hog killing time came again. The rest was put in a wagon and sent to headquarters.



HARRIET STRINGFELLOW HALL, WIFE OF JOHN B. HALL

CHAPTER 24

UNCLE ROBERT

While there never had been what a General would call a battle in Hanover, there was much skirmishing, tearing up of railroad tracks, cutting of telegraph wires, and doing of damage generally. It was no unusual thing to hear a few shots, see horsemen, whether friend or foe could not be told, gallop down the road and disappear.

By diligent inquiry, your grandfather became convinced that his boy Robert was one of the friends, his Company having been detailed for just such scouting. It was therefore no surprise when Uncle Si, motioning him apart, told him that Robert had been shot and that he and another negro had hidden him in the woods back of the house. Of course, a father's first impulse was to go to his boy. But that was what Robert had impressed upon Si not to let his father do. The country was full of small raiding parties, and, as he said afterwards, wounds were bad enough, but wounds and prison were worse. Your grandfather realized that, so, after dark, Si came back for bedclothing and food and strips of cotton for Robert to use in binding up his leg. Two nights and a day he lay in the woods with Si making almost hourly reports of the coming and going of the enemy.

When, at last, there was a decisive engagement and the road to Richmond was clear, Robert was moved to the Hospital of which Miss Sally Tompkins was head. To those who have ever heard of her, that is enough. A kinder hearted woman never lived. All that could be done for Robert was done but gangrene set in and the surgeon declared that the leg must come off. Although Robert was delirious, he took in enough of what was being said to rebel so violently that the operation was postponed; even though your grandfather had come

down to be present. A week later, he was sent for again. This time, Robert was himself but even more determined not to lose his leg, declaring that he would rather die than to go through life maimed like that. Doctors had no time then to contend with what seemed a self-willed boy so they advised your grandfather to leave Robert in Miss Sally's hands. This was done and, in six months or more, he was back in his Company, but, with what the girls thought, a "fascinating limp."

CHAPTER 25

OVER THE LINES

I have mentioned that your Uncle Horace and family went from Indianapolis to Alexandria. His wife's family lived there, and, sure of a hearty welcome for them, he planned to leave them and to make his way through the lines where he hoped to be of use as a chaplain. Alexandria was in the hands of the Federals but, by hook or by crook, men were slipping from one side to the other.

By the middle of February 1863, he had a pass permitting a man and his mother to go to Fairfax Courthouse which was also in Federal hands. The man was all right, but who was to impersonate the mother? People thought quickly in those days so your uncle's adopted sister, seventeen years old, was decided upon to fill the bill. Warmly wrapped up in old lady's cloak with a large poke-bonnet over which a thick green berage veil was tied, she took her seat in the "carry-a-all" behind her brother. There were five picket posts to be passed before they reached Fairfax Courthouse, and the young girl had been strictly charged to be always busily occupied in searching for something at her feet when a post was reached.

It was snowing hard when they left Alexandria but, as the pass was good for only three days and one day had already been spent in making arrangements, they were compelled to start. The weather grew worse and worse which was fortunate in one way for sentries were not so anxious to leave a good fire to inspect a country looking vehicle. It was only after they reached the Courthouse where they were supposed to stop that their troubles began. Without a pass, and the probability of being held up by a party who was said to be in search of Mosby's men, who had captured a commis-

sary wagon the day before, your Uncle Horace felt as Uncle Si would have said, "Very dubious."

While passing a farm house, he was warned by the owner who ran out to him that the Federals were just over the hill and might be back any minute. Being new to the business of running a blockade, your Uncle asked advice. In less than no time, his horse was in the stable, the carry-all under a shed, and your Uncle and his sister were sitting by the fire in the farmer's kitchen, one reading a paper and the other busily sewing on a shirt which the farmer's wife had pushed into her hands. The quick inspection given by the officer as he looked into the room was satisfactory; for the young girl had pulled off wraps and bonnet and looked as though she was one of the family.

It was at a farmer's house where they spent the next night that they saw for the first and last time a "mad stone". The family claimed that it had been in their possession for more than a hundred years. It had been gotten from an Indian in exchange for a gun. The Indian said that the stones were very rare, being only occasionally found in the stomach of a deer. This one was a little larger than a silver dollar but several times as thick. When applied to the bite of a mad dog, the stone would cling tight but, when full of the virus, it would suddenly fall away. It was then placed in a basin of warm water upon which soon appeared a green scum. If the dog had not been mad, no effort could make the stone cling. The family had a long list of people who had used it, some from distant states.

After splashing through fast melting snow, it was a welcome relief to reach the comfortable home of Mr. Robert Bolling who, during the war, spent most of his time in the country, for his wife, your grandmother's friend, had died and Center Hill seemed to have lost its attraction, for a time at least. After a night of rest, your Uncle entered upon the last lap of his journey.

He had scarcely reached the road before he was surrounded by Mosby's men, two of whom were cousins, Robert Walker and Charlie Hall. They had been in the saddle most of the night and gladly shared the fine lunch which Mr. Bolling had furnished. When told of the scouting party who were looking for them, they cheered gaily and galloped off. The next morning, while your Uncle and sister were standing on the hotel porch at Upper-ville, the same party passed by. In the center was the officer and also the men that they had already seen at the farm house lower down the road.

Your Uncle knew that the horse he had bought in Alexandria was not of the best but he did think it would carry him to Culpeper where he could take the train for his father's home in Hanover. But, seeing signs of distress in the poor animal, he decided to relieve him of his weight at least. His sister volunteered to do likewise. So they tramped miles through mud and water. When they reached Culpeper Court House, the horse fell dead in the street.

CHAPTER 26

TWO GIRLS VISIT THE RETREAT

You will remember that your Aunt Ann had adopted your grandfather's six weeks old daughter. Together with her three sons, the child had grown up at the Retreat until she was thirteen years old. Then, having a fine teacher for the children by his second marriage, her father called his daughter home. When doing so, however, he promised your Aunt Ann that she should spend her Summers at the Retreat. The time had now come, July 1863 for her to make her yearly visit. Much to the delight of her lately arrived sister, she also was included in the invitation.

Three full days those girls waited, with packed trunks, for their father to find the absolutely necessary escort which in his opinion and that of the right thinking people of the period should be provided for girls making a six or seven hours trip by train. At last, the man was found. Of course, the girls knew he could not be young since all of the young men were in the army, but he might be good looking and that counted for something. But, when they were introduced to a benevolent, kindly faced old gentleman, all hopes of a good time on that train were dashed to the ground. The tantalizing part was to know the coach ahead was filled with soldiers, every one of whom in their opinion was "just dying" to talk to a girl. After hearing the old gentleman assure their father that he considered it an honor to be intrusted with the care of his daughters and that he would certainly "keep an eye" on them, the train pulled out. Six hours later, as the girls sprang to the ground at Mitchell's Station, the "absolutely necessary" escort appeared, shook hands cordially, and charged them to tell their father that he had kept an eye on them.

When the girls reached Raccoon's Ford, they found that they were at the end of their journey. Instead of

going on to the Retreat, they were to spend the summer with Cousin Jennie, wife of Aunt Ann's eldest son Stanton who had bought your great grandfather's store at the Ford. The store was now closed and Stanton was in the army. Consequently, his mother felt that, as there was no white man on the place, she was needed to be with Jennie and her two children, Anna and Mary. The girls found an invitation from their Aunt Susan Walker awaiting them and, as the movements of the army were so uncertain, Aunt Ann thought it best that they should go at once. The sister that had so lately come from Indianapolis was the same "motherless looking child" that the Walker family had wanted to adopt after your grandmother's death but to whom your Uncle Horace would not give up his claim. Now that she was no longer "motherless looking", she was delighted with the prospect of seeing them. After a few days, your Aunt Ann, fearing that they might be cut off from the Ford, ordered them back.

Before leaving, however, they had the pleasure of seeing their cousin Martin, Aunt Ann's second son who was a sharp shooter in General Jackson's command. They were just about to sit down to breakfast when a neighbor dashed up to the house and called out "Jackson's men are passing along the road!" Catching up some of everything eatable in sight, the girls hurried off. The possibility of distinguishing any one man in the mass of quick moving, dust covered soldiers was very discouraging; but, fortunately Martin saw them and, running up, said, "Talk fast. I don't want to get separated from my company." Seeing the bread and ham that they had in their hands, he opened his knap sack which the girls found to be half full of wet dough pressed down on soiled underclothes. He explained the condition by saying that the order to break camp had come so unexpectedly that he had not been able to cook his supper. The girls wanted to throw the dough out but he said he was too old a soldier to throw anything away that might

at some future time be eaten. In answer to questions, he said that was the hardest march that they had ever made and that, if it had not been for General Jackson on his old horse being here, there and everywhere, saying, "close up men, close up", he did not know what might have happened. He told of a stretch of road where they waded through mud and water almost knee deep and of how General Jackson had the band strike up "Dixie". That helped them over a mile or two. Asked if he knew where they were going, he replied, "No, but Jackson does. That is enough for us." After a hasty good-bye, they watched him double quick down the road until he fell in with his company. It was said afterwards that there was a time when the men were so exhausted that it looked as if Jackson would never be able to make his objective; but he did and gave the enemy the surprise of their lives, for they thought he was fifty miles away.

CHAPTER 27

THE MYSTERY HOUSE

You hear people say that they had the "time of their lives," in speaking of events, but, if ever girls had it, your grandfather's daughters surely had. For, with regiments of Confederate soldiers in easy walking distance of the Ford, it goes without saying that the house was full of them. And yet your Aunt Ann kept in her head a roster of who was who and the line was drawn, accordingly. Not that officers alone found a welcome, for there were as many "high privates" such as General Lee's youngest son and the girls' own brother and cousins. Any man wearing the grey was made welcome to a glass of buttermilk and pone of hot corn bread, and with words of appreciation which sent him back to camp happier than when he came. With two other girls in the neighborhood, Fannie Nalle and Nannie Porter, the soldiers begged or borrowed horses for all. It became a common thing to see a cavalcade set off for a day on Clark's Mountain which was a signal station for the army, General Lee himself sometimes using it.

On the way to the mountain, they passed a house inclosed by a high fence. This house and its history possessed a fascination for all four girls. It was said that, when a very much younger man, the owner had been left guardian of a friend's young daughter. He kept her at boarding school in Richmond, but she always spent her summers with him. The patrimony that her father left her had been spent on her education. Of this, she was kept in ignorance until she was grown. Her guardian was thought to be very well off. So, when it was rumored that he and his ward were to be married, it seemed a natural end to the matter. But, unfortunately, the girl had formed an attachment for a man in Richmond.

Now comes the part of the story which no one was willing to vouch for but which was generally believed. The night of the marriage, the bride heated lead in a teaspoon, and attempted to pour it into the ear of her sleeping husband. Her hand was not steady. The man awakened and caught her in the act. The fact that she was sent away the next morning seems well established and also that the man in Richmond refused to see her when she tried to arrange a meeting. The solid wood fence that the guardian had erected around his house grounds and the fact that a woman was never allowed to enter the enclosure gives grounds for much surmising.

This much can be vouched for. Years afterwards, a gentleman riding through the mountains of Virginia, found night overtaking him and stopped at a cabin to ask shelter and food. When he entered the home he came face to face with a woman. He recognized her instantly for he had known her well in Richmond. But she kept her face turned away as much as possible while preparing supper and left the room after it was put on the table. The gentleman ventured a few questions which the mountaineer seemed glad to answer. He said that he had met the girl working around and had married her; but she didn't seem to know "nothing" about her people; but that she was a very good cook. The next morning the gentleman found food on the kitchen table and was told by the man that his wife had a headache, the first he had ever known her to complain of. The man looked considerably puzzled.

CHAPTER 28

THE GIRL ON THE MULE

On one occasion, when the four girls were waiting for their escorts, a very small mule, instead of a horse appeared. The soldier leading it was most profuse in apologies. It was the very best he could do. There was not a horse to be had in the neighborhood. He would have offered the one he was riding but knew it would shake her to pieces. It happened that the girl had been reading Scott's novels and, remembering how the luxury loving Abbots had chosen pacing mules, she asked if that mule could pace. Assured that it could, she took her seat on the side saddle that was much too large for the animal. She soon declared that she felt as if she were in a rocking chair and would not change places with a girl there. Going up the mountain, she still remained of the same opinion.

But, when, coming down the steep side, the mule broke into a much faster gait and the saddle slipped over neck and head, she began to wonder. However, her escort had a very strong arm, and, by dint of riding close with one hand on the back of the saddle, he managed to keep the mule's ears in sight. There were men in that party who would have liked nothing better than to have played a game of "Tug-o'-War" with that mule. If one man could have gotten firm hold of his tail and the others lined up behind him, they would soon have put an end to his mad career. But the girl's escort was not only strong of arm but of speech as well and not one to brook interference with his job. So all they could do with their less sure footed horses was to slip and slide behind that fast moving mule. Meanwhile, the girl sat as steady as she could on the slippery saddle, encouraged by words spoken in an undertone by her escort. When a stretch of level ground was in sight, that mule stopped so suddenly that it almost unseated

the girl. It would have been interesting to know if there was not a gleam of mischief as well as of triumph in the eyes of that animal when he planted his feet and looked from under the saddle. At their best, mules are uncanny creatures.

As it was getting late, it was moved and carried that they take a short cut home. The only objection to this was that they would have to pass through camp and there was the very small mule with the very long ears to be considered. Every old soldier knows that the sight of a mule is always an occasion for laughter and jokes. One of the girls ventured to express fear that the mule might plant his feet as it had done at the foot of the mountain and refuse to budge. The spark of anger in the escort's eyes at the mere suggestion boded ill for that mule if he should. Finally, it was decided that the girl on the mule be placed in the middle with riders on the largest horses on either side and that all ride rapidly in close formation through the camp.

The band had played their last piece and were about to put up their instruments when the cavalcade was seen approaching. They resumed their seats and struck up, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." The soldiers joined in and altogether, it was a magnificent concert of band and male voices. When the party reached the confines of camp, the girls turned in their saddles and waved their handkerchiefs; all but the girl on the mule. She knew too well the danger of making any unusual movement while on the back of that animal. For that bit of self restraint, she received a handsome compliment from her escort.

CHAPTER 29

THE COMING OF THE YANKEES

But all this frolic came to an end about the middle of August. Soldier friends hurried in to say farewell and certainly two most promising affairs came to an untimely end. The girls waved their handkerchiefs to fast disappearing men, who, having forded the Rapidan, were then entrenching themselves beside other troops who had been there all summer. Your Cousin Jennie was despairingly near sighted, but declared that she recognized Stanton, her husband. No one had the heart to tell her it was Mrs. Porter's old cow.

The Confederates left early in the morning, and, by nine o'clock, the servants rushed in crying out, "The Yankees are coming!" Breakfast had been delayed by all the excitement and now, although everyone declared she could not touch a mouthful, your Aunt Ann rounded them up and, by telling them that it might be the only meal that they would have that day, she succeeded in getting them to the table. But before more than Grace had been said, loud orders accompanied by a fusillade of bullets brought them in a rush to windows fronting on the Ford.

It seems strange that General Meade did not know that the Rapidan River was to be defended, for it had been called the backbone of the Confederacy, being the shortest, strongest, and most important line of defense between Washington city and Richmond. But, evidently his scouts failed to notify him, for, seen from the windows, came a long line of men in blue riding leisurely toward the Ford. When the first comers were well in the water, there had come from hidden trenches across the River the fusillade of shots that had startled the family. Thrown into confusion by the unlooked for attack, men and horses tried to beat a retreat. This was a very difficult thing to do since the descent into the

Ford was somewhat steep and scores of horses were pressing in behind those already there.

In the midst of it all, an officer ordered the family to the basement saying that the house would be used as a defense against their men. It was not long before a more general engagement began. Living somewhat near the Ford, was a maiden lady of very uncertain age. Among her possessions, were a few pieces of inherited silver which she valued more than life itself. When she saw the blue coats approaching, she placed the treasures in a covered basket and prepared to take them to a neighbor. But she delayed a little too long, for, when she opened her door, the general engagement had begun. Nothing daunted, she started to run across the field that separated her house from the neighbor's. Seeing that she was in the line of bullets as well as in danger from riderless horses, a kind hearted enemy (all honor to his name, whatever it was,) dashed up and begged her to drop the basket so that he could get a better hold of her. But, when she positively refused, he caught up woman and bobbing basket, and bore her to safety. When the basket was opened, it was found to be empty. She had two baskets alike and brought away the wrong one.

In the middle of the day, for some reason, the firing slowed down. This is as good a time as any to tell something of a servant named Felicia, the most remarkable type of faithfulness that was ever known. She had been given to Aunt Ann by your great grandfather as a nurse for her three sons when they first came to the Retreat. Tall and spare, she looked more Indian than Negro. In her makeup, she approached her mistress in firmness. For, if there ever was a Spartan mother, Aunt Ann was one. On this occasion, Felicia and her husband George, equally faithful, but not so brainy, were in the basement with the family. Taking advantage of the lull in firing, Aunt Ann ordered everybody up stairs to the bed rooms, where sheets were spread on the floor by

Felicia and wearing apparel from closets and bureaus thrown pell mell into them. George then tied the corners together and carried them to the basement.

While they were working at break neck speed, a rain of bullets struck the house. They came from Confederates across the river. The officer in command had inquired if the house was occupied. Being misinformed, he said, "Clean it out boys" and the boys evidently were obeying orders. As the first one struck and shattered the glass in a window, it became "every woman for herself." The last three steps were taken in a jump. But, Aunt Ann had not been so agile and a bullet tore apart the muscles in her instep. In spite of this, she continued until she fell in a faint at the bottom of the steps. She used laughingly to say years later, when she was on crutches, that she did not even have the distinction of being wounded by the enemy for it might have been a bullet from Stanton's gun that did the damage. Hearing the civilian tell the General that the house was unoccupied, he took it for granted that the man knew what he was saying and, although it was Stanton's home and about all he owned, he willingly helped to drive the enemy out.

After Aunt Ann went down, Felicia took command. She ordered her husband to bring down a mattress and pillow. At the risk of his life, he tried to obey, but reported that all the mattresses were in front of windows and that soldiers were aiming and firing beside them. However, he did have quilts and blankets of which Felicia and Cousin Jennie made a pallet for Aunt Ann. The severe firing continued for hours. Then the Confederates brought up artillery and, when a shell rushed through the house breaking to pieces bookcases filled with choice literature, the girls certainly thought their time had come.

Late in the afternoon, your Aunt Ann was told by a soldier that an ambulance would come for her as soon as it was dark enough to be safe and that they would all

have to go to Headquarters. Where that was, no one knew. But, having been without food or water all day, they welcomed any change. Ordered by Felicia, George had attempted to bring water from the pump, but had been so sharply spoken to that he would not try again. Among the last shots fired from the house, were those of a soldier who loaded and fired from a window not three feet from your Aunt Ann's head. No one remonstrated. Naturally, thinking that, if the sight of what looked to be a dying woman and two little children did not act as a deterrent, nothing that they could say would. Later on, when the family were leaving the house by the back door, a soldier called attention to a dead comrade and remarked, "That's the man who was firing from the basement." As it began to grow dark, Felicia brought three pillow cases and, with George, opened the largest bundle and divided the contents; thus making it possible for each one to carry a part. That done, all settled down to wait for the ambulance. Hour after hour they waited. The little children, Anna and Mary, fell asleep on the floor. The girls propped themselves up beside each other, while Cousin Jennie watched over Aunt Ann.

At last, just before midnight, the ambulance arrived. A stretcher was brought in and Aunt Ann placed upon it. All of this was done in darkness and silence, for the enemy evidently feared the good marksmanship of the men across the river. The only light allowed came from matches struck one by one by a soldier. In the darkness, Aunt Ann whispered to Felicia to bring all of the silver and place it beside her. When the stretcher was carried out to the ambulance, the bearers must have thought the wounded lady very deceptive in weight for your Cousin Jenny had all and more than a family needed in silver. The whole was covered by a blanket. Still uncertain, as to their objective, the little procession formed two by two and as close to the ambulance as possible. The moon had made its appearance but it

was a young thing dodging between fleecy clouds and barely giving light enough for them to distinguish each other. The sergeant in charge had warned them not to speak above a whisper and of all things not to laugh, saying that a laugh carried farther than speech.

All went well until one of the girls noticed the other and saw that in the darkness of the house, she had put on a light silk bonnet to keep it from being crushed in the pillow slip and loosely pinned the white illusion strings together on top. The better part of the strings were now floating in the breeze that had sprung up. The gay little bonnet with its rakish tilt combined with a calico dress of a very ugly design and the rather dignified walk of the girl, was too much for her sister. Asked by your Cousin Jennie in a whisper the cause of her merriment, she could only point to the girl who had now shifted the position of her pillow and was carrying it as if it had been an infant in arms. It was all too much for their hysterical minds. They broke into uncontrollable laughter. It took more than one oath from the sergeant to calm them down.

The calico of which the girl's dress was made had been bought in Richmond because it was cheap. It cost only three hundred dollars for seven yards. The next year the price was double that. While of an undeniably ugly design, it was not unbecoming in color, a fact that had been impressed upon the girl by more than one soldier beau. So she felt at rest on that score. The two little girls each wore a sunbonnet and, with their dolls hugged close in their arms, kept step with their Mother.

When they passed through General Casey's Division, they must have been awed by the solemn stillness of a sleeping army. Here and there, a little camp fire was still burning and, beside each one, a soldier sat cross legged on the ground writing. Only one stopped long enough to look up and ask the ambulance driver what he had there. When told that it was a woman who had been shot, the soldier looked the party

over more closely, then resumed his writing. The girls like girls were wondering if he told of them.

It took Aunt Ann to find out from the driver where they were going. When she heard that the Headquarters was none other than your Cousin Lawrence Stringfellow's attractive home, she passed the word to the others. There was general rejoicing for he was as clannish as the rest of the family so they knew they would be made welcome. The house had been planned along Tidewater Virginia lines. A broad portico ran the length of the house, the roof of which was supported by large pillars. The upstairs front windows looked out from beneath the portico roof. Those windows were low and the sills formed most comfortable seats from which one could see and hear all that went on below. The house was large and roomy and could have accommodated many more refugees than were coming to it then.

It was long after midnight before Aunt Ann was laid in a bed at Summer Duck House, the home of Cousin Lawrence, son of Uncle Thornton. Two United States surgeons examined her and decided that the only thing to be done was to amputate the foot. But before they could make the necessary preparations, she fainted so dead away that, hearing how much blood she had lost they concluded it was too great a risk. So she was left to get along as best she could.

The next morning, the girls, being young, had to agree upon a suitable course of action. Until then, they had never met an enemy face to face. That there must be a certain degree of aloofness on the part of Southern girls who had four brothers in the Confederate army, they fully realized but, "To speak or not to speak" was the question which they finally decided to leave to circumstances. But, when Cousin Harriet, wife of Lawrence, came in to welcome them to her home and informed them that no inmate of the house was to be allowed to put foot to ground, such being the order from Headquarters, they immediately decided, "not to speak."

For, to girls who had been riding the country over to hear that they were now to be confined to a few rooms seemed tyranny of the worst sort. Soldiers in front of the house and soldiers at the back kept the house encircled night and day for the six weeks that they were there.

CHAPTER 30

THREE PIGS

The day before the fight at Racoon Ford, the vanguard of General Meade's army settled down upon Summer Duck like the locusts of Egypt preparing to devour everything in sight. And there was a good bit in sight for the arbor in the carefully cared for garden was loaded with grapes. Roasting ears, tomatoes, butterbeans and other things were in perfection. The first thing attacked was the grapes. Seeing this, the mistress of the house summoned her servants and together they worked on one side of the arbor while the locusts worked on the other. When vines, as well as grapes, had been stripped from their support, the enemy turned their attention to the roasting ears. So did the lady, but, as they outnumbered her servants six to one, she left them in possession and began digging sweet potatoes. Here she had the advantage which spades, trowels, and even broken pieces of kitchen ware gave while the soldiers had only the use of their hands.

The troops had arrived in the early morning and, by noon, every vestige of green had disappeared from the garden. The next day, the cattle were slaughtered, then the sheep. In the afternoon, an orderly came bringing a leg of mutton from the Commanding officer. With exclamations of indignation, the refugee girls urged your Cousin Lawrence to return the meat with a message saying that he was not a receiver of stolen goods. But the inner man would assert itself so the owner of the mutton sent it to the kitchen and the orderly returned minus a message to the General. But, when cousin Lawrence heard that his hogs were going the way of his cattle and sheep, he bestirred himself and wrote a note of protest to the General which resulted in a pig sty being built on the lawn under the Library window and three pigs being put in it. The remainder had disappeared.

CHAPTER 31

REFUGEES AT SUMMER DUCK HOUSE

Four of the upstairs bedrooms at Summer Duck House were gladly turned over to their unfortunate kin by Cousin Lawrence and his generous wife. The parlors, library, dining room, and two smaller rooms comprised the living quarters on the first floor. The kitchen, of course, was off from the house. No family with pretensions to gentility would have had it in the house. Aunt Ann's room was over the library and Felicia slept on a pallet beside her bed convenient for her call. The center of the house was a large square hall used as a gathering place in warm weather. The steps on one side of the hall ran up to a gallery which had a railing and extended around the four sides of the hall. Each chamber door opened onto that gallery.

After the refugees reached Summer Duck (which is the English for the Indian name of a stream which runs the entire length of the eight hundred acres) things settled down for a few days. Two meals a day, late breakfast and early tea was decided upon. There was never any change of menu. Bread and coffee (made of toasted sweet potatoes) served without sugar or cream was the best that could be provided.

To the surprise of your Cousin Lawrence, two officers appeared the next day saying that they had orders to search the house, that some member of the family had been signaling to the Confederates. While he was asserting that there was no one capable of understanding signals, Mary and Anna appeared with a hand full of wet doll clothes and explained that they had been trying to dry the garments by shaking them from the window. There was no doubting the truth that the children told, so the soldiers left, pursued by the hardly restrained laughter of two highly amused girls.

CHAPTER 32

UNWELCOME VISITORS

To the disgust of every member of the family, two officers began joining them at supper. Hospitality is such an ingrained virtue with Virginians that it came hard to shut the door in the face of even an enemy at meal time. So the word went the round that supper would be served an hour earlier. It was hoped that this would show the officers how unwelcome they were. But no one counted on the fact of their being able to see from their tent on the lawn servants passing from kitchen to house. Besides, they were not above asking questions. One of the officers, with ill concealed pride, claimed to be the son of Reveredy Johnston of Baltimore; but as no one present had ever heard of such a man, his claim produced little impression. The other officer was older and a man of fewer words. The only use he made of his plate was to set his cup and saucer in it and sip slowly what could hardly have been an agreeable beverage. Why he continued to come after Lieutenant Johnston left was a question of never failing interest to the family. The possibility of his being a spy was not pleasant to dwell upon.

All this time Aunt Ann was growing weaker and the Federal Doctor attending her said she must have a stimulant but failed to indicate where it was to come from. Very unhappy, over Aunt Ann's condition and the impossibility of procuring what the Doctor had suggested, the girls were discussing the situation when the officer entered the room. How much of the conversation he had overheard, they had no means of knowing but, that night, while Cousin Lawrence was closing up the house, a man with his cap pulled down slipped into the hall and laid a package on the table. When opened, it was found to contain a bottle of brandy. Evidently, the officer had seen enough of the family to know that it was ticklish

business offering aid to people whose pride was greater than their needs, so he took this way to help your Aunt Ann.

Before long, Felicia struck up an acquaintance with a soldier and, through him, secured some washing, for which she stipulated she was to be paid in provisions. All that she received, she used to keep life in her "Miss Ann."

A little later, a Major, "Somebody," entered the house, looked about, and announced that he would use the hall for his headquarters. The center table was hastily cleared of books, etc. His paraphernalia was moved in and a stream of soldiers poured in and out as long as he remained. The blow was too heavy for the girls to speak of. It was theirs to endure, not complain. They were truly prisoners of war for, without the use of hall and portico, there was no other place of refuge but their bedroom as Aunt Ann was too sick to stand much talking. In anticipation of the coming of the enemy, Cousin of Harriet had had everything movable in the lower rooms, i. e., carpets, small pieces of furniture, pictures, even ornaments stored in the garret. Book-cases were locked and the blinds in the rooms kept closed.

CHAPTER 33

HIGH ADVENTURE

I have already mentioned that Frank, Aunt Ann's youngest son, was one of General Lee's most reliable scout. Brave to the point of recklessness, he yet kept a cool head when in danger. Having been sent to find out General Meade's movements in Culpeper, and wanting to see his wounded mother, he decided to kill two birds with one stone.

After many dangers and difficulties, he became convinced that the enemy designed making no important move at that time, so, it seemed to be his opportunity to visit his mother. This was only a few days after Summer Duck House had been taken as headquarters by the Major who had fixed himself comfortably in the big hall.

Frank reached the cabin that had been allotted Felicia for her washing and hid in a clump of evergreens until he saw her enter the house. She was on the lookout for him, for the soldiers had told her of the plans being made to capture him. He was without shoes or hat, having to leave the house which had given him shelter the day before too hastily to secure either. After giving him something to eat, Felicia mixed up a poultice in a tin basin, then helped him put on her shoes, her linsy-woolsey dress and her long slat sunbonnet. Holding the basin before him, he passed unnoticed through the back yard where soldiers were busy over their own concerns, up the portico steps and into the hall. Here he hesitated for a moment, for, within two feet of him, sat the Major whom he would have to pass to reach the stairs. Glancing up from his paper, the officer asked what she had in the basin. When told that it was poultice for her mistress' foot, he resumed his reading. And yet, at that very time, a reward for the "Rebel Scout," dead or alive was being posted in the camp. After being

almost suffocated with hugs and kisses from Mother and each refugee in turn, Frank was kept hidden until he could go safely to the garret that night, where he remained for nearly a week.

Getting Frank's bread and coffee to him meant serving double portions to his Mother. But, fortunately, Felicia was in the habit of carrying her tray covered with a napkin so that the increased supply could not be commented on.

Being told that the coast was clear, Frank ventured to pay his Mother a morning visit. While talking, the Doctor's heavy footsteps were heard. There was no escape from the room. So Frank slipped into a very shallow closet and left the door ajar. There was a window near the door, so with plenty of light and an indelible pencil he wrote on the white wall what was said by his Mother and the Doctor. The Doctor told her that a Confederate soldier had shot a man who was about to capture him and that, if caught, the Rebel would certainly be hung. Aunt Ann calmly replied, "That is war, Doctor. My life or yours." The Doctor agreed, but said that, as he valued his neck, he was glad not to be in that man's shoes. But, for an excess of cleanliness which caused the closet to be whitewashed later on, the writing would doubtless be there now, for, Frank said that he wrote it large thinking that a future son of his might read it.

While with her, Frank told his Mother that it was possible that a certain command might replace the one there and, if that were so, they would have to keep the blinds and front door closed, since the men could not speak English and had no respect for women. Aunt Ann sighed and said, "We are fighting the world, my son."

As much as every one enjoyed seeing Frank, it was a time of intense anxiety. They were afraid to have him go and afraid to have him stay. Having headquarters in the Hall meant soldiers galore coming and going all day. When Frank announced that he was waiting for a rainy night, everyone watched the clouds, and, when a

drizzle one morning grew into a rain by noon and into a regular downpour by night, Cousin Jennie and the girls gathered in Aunt Ann's room for they rightly thought that Frank would come there to tell his Mother good-bye. In silence and darkness, they waited until he appeared. While he was gently unlocking his Mother's arms from around his neck, she was heard to say, "You will not let them take you alive, my boy." For answer, he put her hand on his pistol and left the room.

It happened that no one had thought to tell Frank that there were pigs in a pen in front of the window in the Library. The window opened onto the lawn. So, as he said afterwards, when he jumped in upon those pigs there was the mischief to pay. The nearest guard halted him and inquired his business with those pigs. Fortunately, it was too dark for the guard to distinguish between blue and grey overcoats so he accepted the confession made as he supposed by a Union soldier that overcome by a longing for pig meat, he was trying to make off with one of the pigs. With a sympathetic laugh, Frank was allowed to go.

The next morning, the Major informed Cousin Lawrence that an attempt, presumably by a negro, had been made to steal one of his pigs. He told of the noble defense that the guard had put up. As all things seem to come to an end, so did the Major's term of office at Summer Duck House. The girls saw him go with a rather inelegant expression: "Good riddance of bad rubbish."

CHAPTER 34

COLONEL CHAPMAN

The Major's place was taken by a very different man. The first thing that he did was to restore the hall to its original condition. The second thing was to lessen the crowd of soldiers around the pump, for neither Felicia nor Cousin Harriet's servants had been able to keep the family supplied with water. The stream that ran the length of eight hundred acres provided water enough for an army. When Colonel Chapman heard the name of the family, he introduced himself to your Cousin Lawrence and his wife. He told them that he had been a friend of your Uncle Horace's in Indianapolis and a member of his Church; and expressed himself as glad to meet his late Rector's young sister and asked them to call on him for anything he could do.

The young sister was not glad to hear the name of the new officer, for she was afraid he would interfere with the plan that she and her sister had decided upon, i. e., that of not speaking to an enemy. For a day or two, she kept out of sight. But it is not easy to avoid a man who is looking for you, so she soon came face to face with the Colonel. His face was wreathed in smiles and his hand extended. She looked him straight in the eyes and put her hands behind her. "I understand," he said, and returned to his tent which he had moved near to the portico.

But fortunately, nothing that the girl had done lessened Colonel Chapman's sympathy for your Aunt Ann. There was no more slipping into the hall to leave a bottle of brandy. Instead, a natty looking orderly would appear, touch his cap and say, "With the compliments of the Colonel for the sick lady," and hand in a small bag of oranges, lemons or some little thing. Colonel Chapman's sympathy for your Aunt Ann was so sincere that

they were compelled to forget the source from which it came and to accept it at its face value.

There was not much that he could do. He could not remove the guard who encircled the house and so give the girls free use of the lawn which was what they desired, nor restore the cattle and sheep that had been consumed by the enemy. But he did see that the kitchen was kept free of soldiers while the cook prepared the meals. Not once while the Colonel was there did he ever cross the threshold of the front door or take a chair on the portico.

But, when twilight began to steal over the land, he would stroll leisurely by the house. Returning, he would seat himself on the top step with his back to one of the large pillars and inquire after your Aunt Ann. It was easy for anyone to start a conversation with your Cousin Jennie, about things other than war, for, she had been highly educated and was a lover of good literature. Gradually the girls would be drawn into an argument for they were not lacking in sense and would hold their own, right or wrong. Suddenly, the Colonel would draw out his watch, spring to his feet and apologize, saying that the evening had passed so pleasantly, that he had not realized how late it was. Your poor Cousin Jennie would be terribly embarrassed, for naturally, the Colonel looked at her and she had a dearly loved husband in the Confederate Army and did not wish it to be supposed that she was enjoying herself in any manner, shape, or form.

Much to the pleasure of the girls, a new officer appeared on the scene. It was soon found that he had an exceptionally fine voice. It became the custom for him to sing a few songs late in the afternoon about the setting of the sun. There was always a chair placed for the Colonel beside the opening of his tent. Then, he was free to enjoy the music. The girls had balcony seats up in their room, where, sitting in the low window each held a half closed blind and looked down upon the crowd. That had been going on for a week or more

when, suddenly one evening, a gust of wind wrenched the blinds from the girls' hands. The singer had just finished "When This Cruel War Is Over". The girls had never heard it before and their eyes were blurred by tears so they failed to notice that the blinds were open. After a little rest, the officer asked Colonel Chapman to name the next song. Turning in his chair, he lifted his hat and, looking straight into the faces of the girls in the window, said, "Ever of Thee I Am Fondly Dreaming." For a moment, the silence could almost be felt, then came a roar of laughter. The girls tumbled over each other in an effort to keep from being seen.

When the song came to an end, they sat on the floor and held a council of war. To have been so insulted in the presence of all those men made them furious. The only comfort was that Cousin Lawrence was taking his afternoon nap. Elderly gentlemen, they reasoned, were so apt to think girls responsible in some way for a thing like that and they knew themselves to be innocent. Finally, they decided that the Colonel would have to be ignored to the best of their ability. No self respecting girls could do otherwise. The next morning, when taking exercise on the long portico, so many steps East, so many steps West, they were too busy talking, their heads close together, to notice anyone.

But, when a few days later, a fresh supply of oranges for your Aunt Ann came, one girl suggested lowering the bars a trifle. The other suddenly exclaimed, "It is all foolishness anyhow, for the man may have a wife and a house full of children." While her sister did not see what that had to do with the question under discussion, she took issue, saying if that were the case, she was sure that she would have heard of it when she lived in Indianapolis. Even in those good old times, girls did occasionally have a "spat."

CHAPTER 35

A VISIT TO RACCOON FORD

Cousin Jennie was getting anxious to know if the Winter clothing that she had packed away in a rather dark closet in her house at Raccoon Ford was still intact. Acting under your Aunt Ann's orders, she wrote a note to Colonel Chapman asking for a permit for her and her friends to pass the picket post between Summer Duck House and the Ford. She sent the note by Felicia who quickly returned saying that the Colonel said it would be alright and that they had better go that night. That was taken by all to mean that the Colonel was expecting to leave.

When they gathered on the portico, instead of a pass, up stepped one of the aides and announced that Colonel Chapman said that it would be safer for the ladies to have a man than a pass. The girls shrugged their shoulders but said nothing. When out on the public road, they swung along, hand in hand, enjoying the first walk they had had in weeks. Cousin Jennie and the aide followed with Felicia and George bringing up the rear. The girls were sufficiently near to hear some of the conversation between the aide and their cousin. The young man told of his home, then of his life in the army, of which, he had had more than enough.

When, at last, they reached the house which they were to enter from the back, they had to climb over debris of every kind, limbs of trees torn off by the shelling, broken up furniture, even the pretty china which the young housewife valued so highly and which now lay scattered about. George immediately began collecting that which was not broken.

On the first floor, the ruined bookcases lay piled together, most of the books gone. Cousin Jennie stepped out onto the front porch. No one followed. For a long time she was left to view the scene and to recall it as

it had been when she came a bride to the house which her husband and his mother had furnished so tastefully for her. But, when she came in, all tears had been wiped away. She still had husband and little girls when so many had lost all. Fortunately, the winter clothing had escaped injury, and that was more to be grateful for.

The walk back was one which was never forgotten at least by the girls. The harvest moon was full. The whole country side was a light. Broken down fences did not show up as they would have done in the garish light of day. Everything whispered to them of a better time coming when the war would be over.

For some reason, it may have been wounded vanity, Colonel Chapman seemed unable to forget that the girl he had known in Indianapolis had refused to take his hand. In leaving that night, he said, "I expect that you will be so happy when you see us going, that you will even be willing to shake hands with me." He had no opportunity of finding out, for, before the family were awake, he, his aides, bag and baggage were all gone and a new officer ruled in his stead. The family would never have known what became of the Colonel had it not been that his orderly appeared a few days later with a roll of paper and a note. The papers, were "Harper's Illustrated." The note, like other things of the kind, got hidden away in an old closet and reappeared unexpectedly.

A copy.

Camp near Strassburgh,
September 29th, 1863.

Miss Stringfellow:

I take the liberty of sending herewith a newspaper or two to while away the tedium of yourself and companions pending your imprisonment. One of the illustrations you will see represents the affair at Raccoon Ford of which you doubtless preserve some personal remembrance. If you cannot see in the illustration "your boys" on the

other side, you will attribute it to the fact that they were at the time under a cloud or disposed to keep somewhat shady. Affairs are somewhat changed now that they show their lights upon the hilltops and enjoy an undisturbed view of this side. I trust your Aunt continues to improve and that you are quite well and in a measure reconciled. My compliments to the ladies.

Your friend,

GEORGE H. CHAPMAN.

After Colonel Chapman left, life seemed duller than ever. The man who took his place was pompous and over-bearing to his own soldiers as well as to his enemies. The girls agreed that he made them feel as if they were not worthy to be the proverbial door mat beneath his feet. But fortunately, he showed no disposition to intrude.

There were other things closer home that were becoming a subject of much disquietude. The bread was being made without lard or salt, both of these essentials having given out. If it had not been that the old cook who was an expert in her business, combined flour and water and then beat it a full half hour and cooked the dough on hot coals, thus making bread that satisfied hunger, the family would certainly have suffered. Negroes and poorer whites were drawing rations from the army. But the family in the "big house" would rather have starved than come to that.

Once, soon after the refugees arrived, a servant brought a piece of beef to Cousin Lawrence. No questions were asked. The price was paid and the beef was made into a stew to make it go farther. The gravy of that stew was fondly remembered for weeks to come.

CHAPTER 36

BETWEEN TWO ARMIES

Aunt Ann was getting very anxious to return the girls to their father for he had entered the youngest at Dr. Ball's private boarding school in Richmond and she knew how he must feel. But Felicia reported that the enemy were preparing to go into Winter quarters. They had laid out streets, some of them even named and had built little log houses on each side. But, just at that time, things began to happen.

When the family waked one morning, they missed the familiar tramp of the guards and saw that the tents on the lawn had disappeared. To gather on the porch was the work of a few minutes. Over on the ridge that Colonel Chapman had written of, was a long line of horsemen. A General and his staff had evidently consulted, for a man was coming at full speed to Summer Duck House. When he drew up, it was to ask information as to the whereabouts of the Federal army. As no one could answer his questions, George and other servants were called in. The cavalry man had already informed the family that it was General Fitz Lee's men on the ridge, and that they had orders to harrass the rear-guard of Meade's army but, having no desire to be harrassed themselves, they wanted to be sure that they were leaving no enemy behind them.

As the servants all agreed that a small body of Federals were in the woods back of the house, the soldier begged the family to go to the basement. There was no basement to the house but there was a one room earthen floor cellar with narrow gratings for purposes of ventilation. It was entered from the outside by means of cellar doors which could be lifted up. Into its darkness and dampness, George and Felicia carried your Aunt Ann. The girls lingered on the portico until it became evident that for the second time, they were to be

“betwixt and between” contending armies. They then ran to the cellar which was already crowded with negro men, women, and children, who, terrified, had sought refuge there. It must have been that the Union soldiers were only left to delay pursuit by the Confederates, for, after a sharp fight of three or four hours, they followed the main army, urged on by Fitz Lee’s cavalry.

Before that happened, the girls, half suffocated by heat and odors, made a break for liberty and fresh air. When, at their request, a negro man lifted one side of the cellar door and they appeared, cries of “Go back! Go back!” greeted them from the soldiers who were firing from beside the large trees in the yard. But, it would have taken more than that to drive those girls back into the hole from which they had come.

They reached the portico just in time to help their Cousin Lawrence draw the large lounge into the middle of the hall where two soldiers laid a badly wounded comrade. They then brought down bed clothes and mattresses from every room but Aunt Ann’s. Those were spread out on the dining room floor and provided resting places for seven wounded men. Girls who could not restrain tears when they heard such an ordinary song as “When This Cruel War Is Over,” worked all that afternoon pumping and bringing buckets of water for the use of the surgeon and two soldier nurses who had remained with the wounded, and never shed a tear. Almost the last man to be shot was a young Doctor Nelson who was giving first aid to men on the ground. He opened his shirt, declared the wound to be mortal and begged the men about him to leave him and attend to others. But your Cousin Lawrence told of a bed room over an office in the yard, the stairs to which were on the outside, so the Doctor was carried as painlessly as possible up there. By his bravery and unselfishness, he had endeared himself to the men who thought it no disgrace to brush away a tear when they left him. Soon afterwards, he sent his attendant to ask that the ladies

'pray for him.' Even that touching request did not break the unnatural calm of the girls who were pumping water.

The man who had been placed on the lounge in the hall was a Sergeant McCabe. When informed that his leg would have to come off, and that there was a very limited supply of anaesthetics, he requested that his pipe be filled with tobacco. This was done, then lighted, and after one good long puff, he told the surgeon to go ahead. The leg was amputated, a good way above the knee, then thrown on the lawn until Cousin Lawrence had it wrapped in a cloth and buried that night. The next morning, the sergeant was asked how he felt. With a half sheepish laugh, he replied that, if he could only straighten his leg, he thought that he would feel better. When Felicia heard that, she took George aside and told him to dig up the sergeant's leg and bury it properly. Sergeant McCabe was not informed of that but, for some reason, he never again complained of his lost leg. A member of the family questioned George and was told that that leg was "crumpled up turribul."

The night of the fight, one of the girls went out on the back porch for a breath of air and found a young soldier lying on a bench where he had been placed by comrades who then left him that they might join their command which was well on its way to Strassburgh. The girl asked the boy who was shivering from cold and loss of blood where she could find his blanket. He replied that it must be in the young Doctor's room for he had sent it to him when he heard that he was wounded and had no blanket of his own. Not taking time to think, the girl ran across the yard and up the outside steps. It was a wonderful moonlight night. The door to the room was open. Something covered up with a sheet lay on the bed. One glance sufficed to show her that there was no blanket in sight; then, dropping on her knees, she crawled under the bed and found what she wanted. She used to say that she came down those stairs faster than she went up. While tucking the blanket around

the shivering boy, she was the means of giving him one good laugh. She told him the story as it had been told to her. It seems that the soldier who had been left to look after the Doctor had built a roaring fire and, seated before it, was warming a blanket to put over his patient's feet, when suddenly, two big black objects came tumbling down the chimney scattering live coals over him and the blanket. "What were they?" asked the boy in awe struck tones. "Two fine old Virginia hams burnt to a crisp," was the reply. That brought the laugh that the girl wanted to hear. The hams had been hidden and then forgotten.

As if there had not been enough going on at Summer Duck House that day, your Cousin Lawrence's third son unexpectedly arrived. Having to enter the world under such circumstances would have been trying to any normal infant, but Lawrence the Second, endured life for two years and then gave up the struggle.

Of the seven wounded men on the dining room floor, two died that night. The boy on the porch and three others were carried to hospitals. Sergeant McCabe and the two soldiers who were left, because they were too badly injured to be moved, remained two weeks longer. The Sergeant recovered and, after the war, became a prominent merchant in North Carolina.

CHAPTER 37

OFF TO HANOVER

Much to Aunt Ann's relief, her son Frank appeared and carried off the two girls.

To go from Culpepper to Hanover at that time was like going from a desert to an oasis. Although many things such as flour had soared way above ordinary reach, it was to the girls a welcome change from flour bread, without lard or salt, to water-ground meal. Of salt, your grandfather had an abundance. True, it was the kind bought in bags before the War for cattle and horses; but, when pounded in a mortar and sifted, it could be used for household purposes.

Your grandfather had raised his first crop of sorghum cane and your grandmother was having it made into an excellent syrup. It became quite the fashion to ask a guest if he would have "long or short sweetening" in the make-believe coffee. Of course he always said "long" for he knew there was no sugar. In a way, such pleasantries lightened the load that the people were carrying. Your grandmother still had milk and sometimes a little butter. Since that was bringing such fabulous prices in Richmond, it seemed almost a sin for country people who had sorghum syrup to use it. Besides, money was needed for medicines and many other things. Stores that were placarded, "Sold Out," if entered from the rear, were found to contain treasures such as a box of half-used matches, or a few spools of thread. True, it was always the kind that had only two rows to a spool but, if used carefully, it could be made to hold goods together. But the crop of all crops upon which the family were expecting to depend during the coming winter was dried black eyed peas. They, with dried apples, kept many a family from suffering. After your grandfather had left one daughter at Dr. Ball's private school, he saw to it that the older girl had a suitable course of

reading made out for her. You who have visited Forest Hill know what a fine Library he had collected. Of course, theological books predominated. But there were many others such as full sets of the History of almost every known country of that day, history of the Reformation and Fox martyrs. The lightest was Scott's prose and poetry which was eagerly read and enjoyed. About that time, a book entitled, "The Hidden Hand" was circulated surreptitiously among older members of the family. But nothing would have induced one of them to allow a sixteen year old girl to look between its covers. It was said to be a hair raising detective story in which a hidden hand played a prominent part.

CHAPTER 38

DAHLGREN'S RAID

The winter of 1864 must have been very severe for your grandmother had waited day after day hoping to be able to have the family silver taken up from the place where it had been buried three years before. That it must need cleaning nobody doubted. At last, it had been done, and was waiting to be planted again when a heavy rain made the chosen spot impossible to get to, so everything was set out on tables in the hall.

With both armies supposedly in winter quarters, and the weather what it was, no one gave a thought to its safety. But, after everyone had retired, there came such a knocking on the front door that your grandfather slipped into dressing gown and slippers and was about to leave his room when your grandmother remembered the silver which would be in full view once the front door was opened. When she reminded him that a certain silver pitcher which he valued most highly was among the lot, he threw up his window which opened onto the porch and demanded to know the reason for such disturbance. An officer in blue began questioning him as to the condition of the roads and bridges and fords in that part of Hanover County. As your grandfather answered, the officer would turn to a negro behind him and say, "Is that so?" At one time, there seemed to be a difference of opinion between your grandfather and the negro about a certain bridge or ford. Without even a touch of his hat, the officer strode down the steps, mounted a horse that his orderly was holding and joined the cavalry that could be plainly heard splashing through mud and water.

The next morning, your grandfather rode over to Beaver Dam to hear any news that might be stirring. He found that the telegraph operator had been captured, the wires cut and the station destroyed. He learned

also that the officer, who had interviewed him, was a Colonel Dahlgren who was leading a raid on Richmond. In twenty-four hours, Virginia was aflame. Dahlgren had been shot at the head of his troops and, on his person, had been found an order. Richmond was to be sacked and burned, Davis and his cabinet killed, and a few more minor disagreeables inflicted on the citizens of the Capitol of the Confederacy. It is hardly to be wondered at that Dahlgren's body like Booth's, later on, was said to have mysteriously disappeared.

One evening, in January, 1865, your grandfather returned from Richmond, looking very much disturbed. No questions were asked until he was comfortably seated in his big chair before the blazing log fire. Then in answer to his wife and daughter he told that Francis Preston Blair had been in Richmond hoping to effect a peace that would be satisfactory to North and South. It was not the first time that the family had heard of peace missions, but this was very different from any of the others for your grandfather said that General Lee had laid bare to President Davis, the true condition of his men. Almost without food or clothing the General urged President Davis to instruct the commissioners who were appointed, Vice President Stephens, Senator R. M. Hunter and John A. Campbell to strive to secure an honorable Peace.

Mr. Davis made no promise and General Lee returned to the army. It was hearing from your grandfather, what General Lee thought of the condition of the army that hung like a cloud, over every member of the family, from then, until the surrender.

CHAPTER 39

THE END OF THE WAR

Standing on the porch of the Rectory, hoping to way lay some passer by, the sound of men's voices and the sight of two ragged soldiers passing along the road would ordinarily have drawn your grandfather's daughters to the big gate. But the song that was born on the air to those anxious souls, (your grandfather being off in search of news), was, "Home, Sweet Home." Overcome by the certainty of what they had heard the day before, every particle of fortitude suddenly deserted them.

They saw nothing but crushed hopes and a leaden colored future. Each one sought a place where she might weep alone for it did not seem that such misery could be helped by company. But, after a good cry, they were ready to take up the burden they had so bravely borne for four years.

After a week, your grandfather had all of the grown Negroes assembled in front of the porch. He explained the conditions, that they were free to go where and when they pleased; but that if they chose to remain, he would have the land worked on shares. The negroes seemed highly pleased and went off talking eagerly of what each one must do. But, when a strange white man was seen talking to them, your grandfather knew that no land would be worked on shares at Forest Hill that summer. It caused little surprise when they all disappeared. They left word with an old negro who promised to tell your grandfather that they did not want to go but the man said that if they did not go, then, they would not get what the Government was going to give them, so they thought that they had better get their share and then come home. Your grandfather heard later that they all wound up at a "concentration camp" near Alexandria where most of them died of small pox.

The afternoon, of the day they left, was one never to be forgotten. A sense of intense loneliness pervaded the place. The sound of children's voices were never to be heard again. The cheerful laugh of care-free men and women upon whose labor the family depended for all of the comforts of life and many of the luxuries as well were gone also. The deserted quarters where always they could count on a warm welcome and a remembrance of the many brides that they had decorated with their cast off finery—tore at the hearts of your grandfather's daughters as they walked single file past open doors which were never to be closed and wondered who was to do the cooking, washing and ironing, to say nothing of the house work that would be required. It looked as if it would be a daily grind for such untrained maids and they were not happy over the prospect.

All this time, your grandfather remained strangely cheerful. "He knows he will never be asked to wash a greasy plate," remarked Harris who saw work cut out for Howard and himself. But the secret was found in his deeply earnest thanksgiving that his four sons had been spared when so many others had been taken.

Your grandfather never bought a servant. All that he owned had come to him by inheritance to be fed, clothed, nursed through sickness, and taught all that the law allowed which would have been much more but for the literature which flowed into Virginia, inciting negroes to murder and arson. John Brown and his pikes were the last effort.

There was much talk at the time that George Washington Parks Custis' will was made known by which his son-in-law, General Robert E. Lee was directed to free his two hundred slaves after a period of five years. If it had not been for the war, there is no doubt but that many others would have followed his example.

With your grandfather, it was not so much the freeing of the negroes as the ill advised method of doing it that made him question the result. It could have been

done gradually he believed, had the Southern States been allowed to depart peaceably. In that case, all of the suffering of Whites and Blacks would have been avoided.

Having no money with which to buy, business of every kind was conducted on a "promise to pay" basis. Even the Railroads issued script which passengers signed on the train, the conductor took up, and the debtor paid when he was able. It was said that the Railroad lost very little.

The first purchase that your grandfather made was a small cook stove. Such a thing had never been used in the neighborhood but, with his far sighted vision, he pictured the comfort it would be to have a kitchen under the same roof as the dining room, particularly in bad weather. But when the family gathered in the room selected which could hardly have been more convenient since it was just across the basement hall from the dining room, one objection after another was raised. Having disposed of the greatest one—the variety of odors that would find their way to the upper floor, by a suggestion that the windows be kept open, he next heard that if everything was to be cooked in the same oven, one would not be able to tell beef from mutton. To that, he replied that, as there seemed to be little chance of their having an opportunity of finding out, it would be well to postpone a consideration of that question.

Harris and Howard put up the stove while your grandfather read directions that had been given him by the merchant in Richmond. But, for some reason, the directions did not seem to work, for, when they pulled the upper damper out, smoke poured from every crack and crevice in the stove and, when they pushed it in, the fire went out. This was a condition that taxed your grandfather's equilibrium.

Fortunately, just then, a negro woman applied for a "place." She had been to Richmond and returned and said she knew all about stoves. Your grandmother hesitated, saying that she had no money with which to pay

wages, but those step-daughters were ready to bind the negro hand and foot rather than have her go out of that kitchen.

It would have been pathetic could you have seen your grandfather's face when he peeped in the kitchen that night just as the new cook removed from the oven a pan of beautifully browned corn muffins. "It works, does it?" he asked, and was reassured by the reply, "It sure do."

Within a few days, a great big fly appeared in the ointment. The new cook, Sara Jane by name, was so pleased with her comfortable kitchen that she kept up a continuous stream of joyous lamenations from morning until night. Your grandfather stood it as long as he could but his study was one of the four rooms on that floor. He asked his wife to request Sara Jane to modulate her voice. But your grandmother was so relieved at having a cook in the kitchen that she was unwilling to risk disturbing the present arrangement. The step-daughters were even more so. That was certainly a case of the bottom rail being on top. But your grandfather knew how a negro of those days regarded a preacher, and, when Sara Jane was told by him that she was disturbing him, nothing more had to be said.

In a few days, a half grown boy was secured to work the garden and attend to May. The other horses had been sold on a promise to pay basis to ex-Confederate soldiers in the neighborhood.

CHAPTER 40

COUSIN FRANK AND LINCOLN'S DEATH

Just when everyone was trying to adjust themselves to changed conditions, along came a romantically-minded young actor, John Wilkes Booth, whose ill-timed sympathy for an out-numbered army and a heroic general led him to kill Abraham Lincoln.

The day before the rash act was committed, your Cousin Frank had been sent to Washington on business. Sent by whom, or on what business, he never told, but always asserted most positively that it had nothing to do with Lincoln's death. Months later, it was reported that he had been sent to return some valuable papers to an embassy in Washington. Be that as it may, he had gone by a familiar route and was returning by the same. But, when he drew near to the well known rendezvous he heard voices and saw that there was a party ahead of him. It was a time when every man was suspicious of another, so he hid in the undergrowth and watched developments. The strangers were helping one of their number into the boat and all of them seemed greatly excited. There was room for one more in the boat and, for a moment, your Cousin Frank considered the advisability of joining them. But his guardian angel, whose name was "Caution," restrained him. When the boatmen returned, he could tell nothing about his first passengers but he did tell the road they had taken. When your Cousin Frank landed, he went in the opposite direction and missed the party who were searching for Booth.

There was more than one home in Washington where men met by appointment but, as far as your Cousin Frank knew, none where assassination was ever hinted at. He always thought it originated in Booth's Quixotic brain. It has been well established that he never saw Booth, that is, to know him. He once

said that he saw two men talking together either of which might have been Booth, but that he was fighting shy of strangers at that time and did not stay to enquire.

Men who risked life to obtain information for their Government were not likely to share State secrets with such an individual. On one occasion, when he was returning from Washington, he was so closely pursued by a posse who considered him a suspicious character that, fearing he might be killed and a paper which was hidden in the lining of his coat be found, he took it out and, while running, chewed it bit by bit into pellets which he threw into the wayside bushes. As he knew the contents by heart, no great harm was done. That may have been a paper dealing with the question of recognition of the Confederacy by England.

Your Cousin Frank made more than one trip to Washington during the war. Once he entered Alexandria in broad daylight driving a cart loaded with wood. He remained three days at the home of a gentleman who was afterwards his father-in-law. One whole day, he spent in Washington. While there, he stood close enough to have placed his hand on the shoulder of a certain high official. How he left Alexandria was not known, for he slipped away between the setting and rising sun.

The building next to the house he had stayed in was used by the Government as a place of detention for deserters many of whom were shot in the beginning of the war, but, later on, it would have provided occupation for too many firing squads, so some other mode of punishment must have been found. At the time when death was being meted out, a man worked his way through the dividing wall which was not of brick. The noise he made caused your Cousin Emma to open the door of her room and there, across the hall stood a man. Knowing what it would mean to her father if a deserter should escape through his house, she ordered the man back. When he did not seem to have a mind to obey,

she screamed for help. Her call was answered by guards, who, knowing that the opening was made, had stationed themselves in the hall below to arrest the man when he came down the steps. It was Emma's presence of mind that saved her father from imprisonment and confiscation of his property.

The hue and cry after Lincoln's death made Aunt Ann very miserable. The reward for Frank, dead or alive, still held good, she was told. The only thing that ever daunted her brave soul was a fear of the gallows for her son. To relieve her anxiety, Frank went to Canada.

Your Uncle Horace was already there as Rector of a Church in the lovely city of Hamilton. Frank had a home awaiting him. Having served as Chaplain and, at one time, as director of ambulance corps, your Uncle Horace became widely known; and, when the war ended, through some source unknown to him then, he received the call to the Canadian Church. It came at a time when it was most welcome.

Sometime within a year when things had quieted down, Frank returned to Virginia, married Emma, to whom he had been engaged for years and settled in the country.

Your Uncle Horace remained in Hamilton until he was again called to Indianapolis. While there, he received a call to St. John's Church, Montgomery, Alabama. Feeling a desire to be with his own people, (a Southerner remains a Southerner no matter where you place him) he accepted the call and spent twenty-five happy years ministering to that congregation. He died in his 66th year in harness, as he had always wanted to, at the height of his activity and usefulness. Of his family, two sons and one daughter are still living. His namesake practices law in Montgomery; is married and has one son and a grandson. W. W. Stringfellow has retired from business, is married but has no children. The daughter Evelyn spends most of her time with her mother's rela-

tives in Alexandria. Two other sons, James and Robert left children and grandchildren.

Friends often asked why Frank never wrote an account of his life during the war. It was for pretty much the same reason that kept General R. E. Lee silent. Frank had carefully kept every order he received from President Davis, Generals Lee, Stuart, Longstreet, Jackson, A. P. Hill and down, with the expectation of using them when he had time. He kept them in a drawer, but not under lock and key.

A young girl visited the family and manifested such an unusual interest in war time matters that Frank showed her some of the orders. Some time after she left, he had occasion to look in the drawer and found that the signature to every order had been neatly cut off, presumably to decorate autograph albums. Of course, the orders were a mass of waste paper.

General Lee also had planned to write a history of his campaigns. Almost as soon as he was settled in Lexington, he wrote to Richmond for certain very important papers which he supposed were still on file. But he was told that, in the excitement of the evacuation and the burning of the city, a zealous young clerk who wished to keep the enemy's hands off of everything in his department had destroyed them. With his rare consideration for others, (for well he knew that the young man's thoughtless act, if known, would follow him through life), General Lee asked that the matter be "hushed up" as quickly as possible. But military men and many others will know what a keen disappointment it must have been.

This information was gained from Mr. James Alfred Jones, a lawyer of note in Richmond who received it first hand from the man who had to write General Lee. Mr. Jones had been a law partner of W. L. Watkins and, when the partnership was dissolved by Mr. Jones moving to Richmond, the intimate friendship continued. Every now and then, Mr. Jones would leave his office

to spend a night with his old partner in Petersburg. Sometimes he would come earlier than he was expected just to walk down Bolling Brook Street and call to mind the different families who had lived there when the street was in its glory. In telling Mr. Watkins the incident I have narrated, he seemed almost as much distressed as General Lee could have been. During the reconstruction days, he refused to argue cases before the Supreme Court of Virginia, saying that the men on the bench were a disgrace to the State. While it is impossible to recall the subject matter of the papers General Lee wanted, one stands out clearly. It related to the battle of Gettysburg. Frightened by being made a sharer of such a secret, the writer tried to wipe it from her mind but now that there is no one living who could be harmed, it is given as a belated contribution to the history of the War between the States.

CHAPTER 41

RECONSTRUCTION DAYS

This poem was written by Innes Randolph in 1866 when Virginia was under bayonet rule and known as "Military District No. 1". The authorship of the poem had to be kept secret at the time, since, had it become known, the poet would have been sent to jail.

"The equestrian statue of Washington in the capitol grounds at Richmond was erected by the State of Virginia in 1859. All the various figures around the base were placed in position prior to the outbreak of the war in 1861, save that of John Marshall. The year following the close of the war this statue arrived. It seems to have been before it was put in position, that Innes Randolph's poem appeared. It reads as follows:

"We are glad to see you, John Marshall, my boy,
So fresh from the chisel of Rogers,
Go take your stand on the monument there
Along with the other old CODGERS
With Washington, Jefferson, Henry, and such
Who sinned in the great transgression,
In their old-fashioned notions of justice and right
And their hatred of wrong and oppression.
You come rather late to your pedestal, John,
For sooner you ought to have been there .
The volume you hold is no longer the law,
And this is no longer Virginia.
The old Marshall law you expounded of yore
Is now not at all to the purpose,
For the Martial law of the new Brigadier
Is stronger than Habeas Corpus.
Then keep you the volume shut with care.
For the days of the law are over,
And it takes all your brass to be holding it there,
With justice inscribed on the cover,

Could life awaken those limbs of bronze,
And blaze in the burnished eye,
What would ye do with your moment of life,
Ye men of the days gone by?
Would ye chide us, pity us, blame or weep,
Ye men of the days gone by?
Would Jefferson throw down the scroll he holds,
Which time has proven a lie;
And Marshall shut up the volume of law
And lay it in silence by;
And Mason tear up the Bill of Rights
From a nation unworthy to scan it;
And Henry dash down his eloquent sword,
And clang it against the granite;
And Washington, riding in massy state
On the charger which paws the air,
Could he see his sons in their deep disgrace,
Would he ride so proudly there?
He would get him down from his big brass horse,
And cover his face at our shame,
For the land that he loved is now District 1;
Virginia was once its name!"

After the War, your Uncle James, disheartened by the result of the struggle and not yet entirely recovered from a wound received in battle when the ball had entered just below the collar bone and passed perilously near the heart. It had to be probed for, and he was in no condition to face a future as dark as it then looked to be. However, he knew that somehow, somewhere, he must make a living, so he accepted the first thing that turned up.

This was a school in Texas. It was in the country, but in a rather more thickly settled community than other sections of the State and within ten miles of a town. He occupied the room above the school room, for there was only one, and he took his meals, such as they were, with a farmer near by. He used the farmer's horse

to make weekly trips to town for the mail. He had no need of a mail bag for the letters could easily be put in his pocket and there was only one paper, a weekly, that he subscribed for. The men of his neighborhood said that they had no time to read and the women did not care to. When your Uncle James entered upon his new work, he brought with him a scanty supply of clothing, a pistol, and a superb looking dog which had been given to him.

It was not long before the sad looking man with the handsome dog attracted attention. A few friendly words spoken by a doctor while they were both waiting for mail at the Post Office opened the way for a conversation which lengthened into a warm friendship. It was under these conditions that a letter from Gertrude Paulding reached him. They had corresponded off and on throughout the War, each taking advantage of every opportunity of getting a letter through the lines. After the war, Gertrude's father bought an estate off the coast of South Carolina (I think.) Your Uncle James was too disheartened to answer her letter. Having had to abandon on the very threshold of life, his chosen profession of Art, his unfortunate love affair in the West, the break up of what promised to be a fine business in New Orleans, and now the result of the War—he felt that nothing he ever undertook would be a success. But, when the first letter was followed by another so comprehensive of the state of his mind, he felt compelled to accept sympathy so sincere and disinterested.

From then on for two years, he lived with his dog. He was kept reasonably cheerful by his doctor friend in town and letters from Gertrude and his family. Meanwhile, he had won the love and confidence of every child in the school. "The Captain" could do no wrong was their opinion.

At last, there came a letter to his sister. Great things had happened. A way had been opened for him to again enter business. He had asked Gertrude to share his new

life with him and she had consented. In a week, he hoped to shake the dust of Texas off and, after a visit to Gertrude, he would be with the family in Virginia. He threatened to pinch his sister black and blue if she did not put on some extra flesh before he saw her. It was a buoyantly happy letter. But it was the last the family received. Gertrude had one, posted a few days later. It was to mail that letter and to draw some money from the bank that he went to town.

Before leaving in the afternoon, he was told by the cashier and his friend, the doctor, that two very suspicious looking men had been on his trail all day. The doctor begged him to spend the night with him. James laughed at their fears, pulled his pistol more convenient to his hand, and started on his lonely ten mile ride. A half hour later a riderless horse was seen on the main street of the little town. James was found face downwards shot from ambush through the back and, his money was gone. There was some talk by the authorities of making a search for the murderers, but it soon died down, for murders were almost the order of the day in Texas at that time.

His body was buried in the little cemetery on the side of a hill almost within the precincts of the town. The doctor begged for the dog. Your Uncle Charles gave him that and all other personal effects except papers and letters which could be sent by mail. There were no letters from Gertrude except the last giving directions as to how to reach her. He had told her that he would destroy all of her letters as soon as he read them for conditions were such that he would not risk having them fall into stranger's hands. There were a half dozen or more photographs taken of her at different ages. The first showed her in a ball dress worn at her "coming out" party. After that, on each one she had written that it was sent to show "her friend" how fast she was growing old. The last one represented her in a high neck, long sleeve black silk dress with white lace collar and cuffs.

These were all returned to Gertrude by your Uncle Charles who begged her, as soon as she felt able, to visit the family. She wrote a few words of thanks for the invitation but never came.

CHAPTER 42

UNCLE MARTYN AND ROBERT

Of your grandfather's sons, two more were stranded in the far South, Martyn and Robert. The former had come with General McGruder. During the War, he had married Miss Alice Johnston and, together, they started life in Galveston. The call of the soil was very strong in both of them. Therefore, horticulture became their prime interest. To prove that seedless oranges and Keifer pears could be grown in Texas kept them busy.

When that was a certainty, your Uncle Martyn wrote a book, "The New Horticulture," which was intended as an aid to the settlers who, it was hoped, would flow into Texas. The book was adopted in the government experiment stations of several foreign countries. He devoted his entire life to research in his chosen field. When he died, Cornell University and the Pomological Institute compiled obituary data of his achievements for file and reference in their libraries. He had one son who died at the age of twenty. His wife and a dearly loved adopted daughter, Mrs. Lessie Stringfellow Read, survive him.

After many years of trial and trouble such as attended ex-Confederate soldiers, your Uncle Robert married Miss Sarah Louise Catlin of Texas and founded a family of three children, two of them, a boy and girl, being twins. For many years he was assayist in the Shafter Silver mine of Texas, fifty miles from El Paso. The superintendent and himself were the only white men, the miners all being Mexicans.

The children and his wife kept well, the former eventually becoming credits to their State. But later on, when the mine played out, your Uncle Robert and his wife followed the married twins to Florida and spent a peaceful old age. Each of the twins has a son, Harwood Harris Stringfellow and James Henry Cox. A married daughter in California has five children. Your Uncle Robert will not be forgotten.

CHAPTER 43

THE BURNING OF THE RETREAT

After your great grandfather's death, Aunt Ann's second son, Martin, who married Nellie Willis of Orange County, sold his farm and bought the Retreat. He had hardly gotten settled when the War broke out. Of course, he enlisted, leaving wife and children to get along as best they could.

In the Fall of 1864, the Retreat was burned to the ground and the family had to move into the servant's quarters. Sometime before that, Aunt Ann had been brought from Summer Duck House and was on crutches when the fire occurred.

It was her wonderful command over servants that caused them to save as much furniture as they did. Never having seen a large fire, they became panic stricken and weeping and wailing, rushed about doing more harm than good.

Felicia and George were her main dependence. Felicia, as I have said, was a most remarkable woman. She had been given to your Aunt Ann when a girl as a nurse and playmate for her three little boys. The youngest, your Cousin Frank, was especially her "chile". At her death, he came half way across the State to read the burial service over her. Felicia, before the war, was a very prominent figure at the Retreat. Every member of the family treated her with the greatest consideration. To her, were told secrets by the young people which, had they been known, would have caused serious trouble in the neighborhood. At the opening of hostilities, all but the most necessary silver had been entrusted to her; and the place of its burial was not even asked, the members of the family preferring to plead ignorance if questioned by the enemy.

The negroes in that part of Culpeper had been drawing rations from the Freedman's Bureau all summer.

It was to the interest of the Bureau to have as many names on their books as possible, so parents and grandparents long since dead, were drawing rations with the same regularity as their descendants, the only difference being that a girl or boy "toted" the rations to the bed-ridden ancestor. Your Aunt Ann could not have borne to know that the family name was on the Freedman's list but her little grandchildren were hungry and their father was far away fighting for home and State's rights, so, when Felicia placed bread and bacon on the table, no questions were asked.

After the fire, the negroes seemed to think that the end of the Retreat had come, so they joined a stream of blacks that was flowing toward Washington. Many of them, like your grandfather's died of smallpox in Alexandria.

After four years of fighting, Martin returned from Appomattox, footsore and weary to find his mother, wife and children in the log cabin which George had whitewashed in anticipation of his coming. With no dwelling house, or farming implements that were not rusted, from disuse, as well as weather, he knew that he had to take up life again. Fortunately, he came of a family who were not given to repining. As his mother would say, "What's the use of crying over spilt milk. Wipe it up and go on." After some years, Martin borrowed enough money to put up a small house on part of the foundations of the Retreat. There the family lived, pursued by every ill that some farmers seem heir to; namely, floods, drought, poor crops, sickness in the house, and disease among the hogs and cattle.

As the sons grew up, and saw how slim a chance they had to make a living in such a war-ruined county as Culpeper, they listened to the call of the great west and, one by one, answered it, until their father was left alone.

During all of these years, not a dollar of the principal had Martin been able to pay of the money that he had borrowed to build his house. The interest

had kept his nose to the grindstone. Now the estate of the man had to be settled up and Martin had nothing with which to meet his indebtedness. There seemed nothing left but for him and his wife to accept the invitation of the eldest son to come out and make their home with him in Montana.

When it became known that Martin Stringfellow was being forced to leave Virginia, neighbors and friends got together in an effort to assume the mortgage on his house but he would not hear of it. All they could do was to gather at the station for a heart breaking farewell to the old soldier who, as boy and man, had been the best loved and most respected man in the community.

Years afterwards, he and his wife were in Richmond on a visit to relatives. A cousin living in Petersburg went over, hoping to induce them to give her a part of their time. But they had a limited ticket and the wife wanted to spend the rest of her time with her family in Orange. Martin walked with the cousin to the station. It was then that she saw how the iron of dependence had entered his soul. Speaking of the West, he said, "They are good people, but just not our kind." Then from the fullness of his heart, he whispered, as he put the cousin on the train, "Oh! if the good Lord would only let me die in Virginia!" Little did the cousin think that his prayer would be answered but it was, for he was taken sick, died, and was buried before the time limit of his ticket expired.

"IN VIRGINIA."

The roses never bloom so white

As in Virginia,

The sunshine nowhere shines so bright

As in Virginia.

The birds sing nowhere quite so sweet,

And nowhere hearts so lightly beat,

For Heaven and Earth both seem to meet

Down in Virginia.

CHAPTER 44

GENERAL LEE AT ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

In 1866, your grandfather came to Petersburg to marry one of his daughters to W. L. Watkins whose first wife, Maria S. Hall, had died during the war leaving two sons and one daughter. The sons never married but the daughter, Sallie Watkins, came South to visit your Uncle Horace and later married Dr. M. L. Wood of Montgomery. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. Lizzie Leigh married Dr. John C. James, who was a chaplain in France during the world war. Sallie Watkins married Churchill Marks of Montgomery. Milton L. Wood, whose son is M. L. Wood, III, and whose wife was Roberta Hawkins, was in France at Base Hospital No. 89, while George Mark was too young to enter active service but was in the R. O. T. C. while at College. He latter married Mattie Pegues. Their children are George Mark, Jr., and Sallie Watkins.

Two years after the marriage of the first girl, the second one married Thomas S. Gilliam of Petersburg who brought his bride to his ancestral home, "Violet Bank," just across the river. Two sons were born there. The eldest, practiced medicine for several years in St. Louis and then died. The youngest, Horace S. Gilliam entered business, married Miss Eloise Semple and still lives in St. Louis.

St. Paul's Church, Petersburg, Virginia, has precious memories connected with General Robert E. Lee. It was there that he worshipped during the nine month siege and it was there that he heard of the break in the Confederate lines that necessitated the evacuation of Petersburg. Although he must have realized the seriousness of the message brought to him, he waited until the congregation were on their knees before leaving the building. When it was seen that General Lee was not in his pew, first one and then another slipped out.

The Rector announced that there would be no sermon and closed the service with a few short Collects and the Benediction. But by that time, the congregation were half way home; for the old men and women of which it was composed knew of the possibilities that might confront them and preferred to meet them behind closed doors. Some few prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible, but the majority advised against irritating a victorious army.

General Lee was never in Petersburg again until he came as the honored guest at his son's marriage to the strikingly handsome Miss Tabb Bolling. General W. H. F. Lee had been married before to Miss Charlotte Wickham. She died while he was in prison. It was said at that time that General Custus Lee, who was of the same rank as his brother, offered to take the place of General W. H. F. Lee so that he could return to his dying wife. But the offer was refused.

The night of the marriage when St. Paul's was packed with citizens, General Lee, with his hand touching an usher's arm, walked up the aisle. It seemed as if everyone was holding his breath. Only a child dared whisper, "That's him." Under other circumstances, the beautiful bride would have been the center of attraction. But even she could not hold her own with General Robert E. Lee in sight.

In a letter written to the groom and dated December 21st, 1867, General Lee writes: "My visit to Petersburg was extremely pleasant. Besides the pleasure of seeing my daughter and being with you, which was very great, I was gratified in seeing many friends. In addition, when our armies were in front of Petersburg, I suffered so much in body and mind on account of the good townspeople, especially on that gloomy night when I was forced to abandon them, that I have always reverted to them in sadness and sorrow. My old feelings returned to me as I passed well remembered spots and saw ravages of the hostile shells. But when I saw the cheerfulness with

which the people were working to restore their condition, and witnessed the comforts with which they were surrounded, a load of sorrow which had been pressing upon me for years was lifted from my heart.

.....
 God bless you all is the prayer of your devoted father,
 R. E. LEE.

General Lee never wrote or spoke of Mrs. W. H. F. Lee as his son's wife, but always, as "My daughter." He was very proud of her beauty and quickly responded to her tokens of affection.

A handsome memorial window was placed in St. Paul's, near the pew which General Lee always occupied. In the window, are the words, "I have fought a good fight." And under the window is a bronze tablet.

In Memoriam.

Robert Edward Lee

1807

1870

A regular and devout worshipper
 in this Church
 during the siege of Petersburg.

1864

1865

Reverend J. M. B. Gill happens to be a relative of your grandfather's old friends, the Banisters, so, it seems most fitting that he and not another should be rector of St. Paul's Church at the time of this writing; and also that two direct descendants, Colonel and Mrs. William B. Banister should be making their home in Petersburg.

CHAPTER 45

THE PHILADELPHIA CENTENNIAL

The greatest earthly pleasure your grandfather ever had was a ten day visit to the Philadelphia centennial. When your Uncle Horace first wrote proposing it, your grandmother was bitterly opposed, saying that it would be too strenuous a trip for a man of her husband's years. But with all that going on in Philadelphia, she would have had to find something better to keep him at home. The truth is, that he was always the first one of the party ready to start out in the morning and the last one willing to leave at night. On his return, he declared that he felt fresher than when he left and, if one could judge by his elastic step and deeply interesting descriptions of what he had seen, one was compelled to believe him.

It was not so much the works of art and things of a kindred nature that kept him spell bound, as it was the extraordinary assortment of faces, particularly in the foreign booths, which interested him more than any other one thing. The character they evinced amazed him for he had never imagined such a variety of types and, in each group, he saw work for the Church. With men of every nation under the sun a restless mass surging back and forth, he was fascinated, and was often found by the members of his party standing in the same spot where they had left him hours before. But, with his observing eyes and inquiring mind, he soon began to ask questions of first one and then another of the foreigners. For some reason, perhaps, because they saw that it was not idle curiosity, he received information on many subjects of deepest interest to him. His interest in foreign missions took on a reality that it had never possessed before. If he had been a younger man, he might not have been able to resist the call to teach the heathen. But, when at home, he was reminded of the work to be done in America, he would agree, but the lure

of the foreign field remained long after he left Philadelphia.

When your grandfather was nearing seventy, he attended a Church convention. His hostess, seeing that it was getting dark and knowing how much her guest disliked being late for anything, proposed to him that they leave the others at the supper table and walk leisurely on to Church. Nothing could have pleased your grandfather more; but, in the little hurry, he walked too briskly across the high porch (with the hand of his hostess on his arm) slipped on the top step and both rolled together to the brick sidewalk.

Of course, the lady never dreamed that her guest would consider a continuance of their walk. But the gentleman picked himself up and, finding her uninjured, said, "Come on, I am afraid we will be late." He went through a long service, returned, talked matters over with his brother Clergymen, and never thought to mention the fall.

The next morning, when his hostess complained of an unusual pain in her knee, he gravely suggested that she apply an oil he had found to be very efficacious with May. When she demurred, he assured her that the label on the bottle said, "For man or beast," and he did not see why it would not be good for a woman also.

Sometime after the war, a friend sent a croquet set to your grandfather's youngest daughter, Mary Tennant. As it was the only one in the neighborhood, the Rectory soon became a mecca for the young people. At first, your grandmother protested that her beautiful grass would be killed but, once persuaded to play a game, she became as indifferent to the sod as was her daughter, even going to the length of having a lamp brought out to make sure that a ball was in a certain position. In a hotly contested game, cries of triumph, disgust, and almost anger soon made your grandfather declare that, as a game, he considered croquet much more demoralizing than a quiet game of whist.

That reminds me, on one occasion, having to spend the night with a friend, he came unexpectedly upon four young people playing cards. Telling them not to let him disturb them, he found the book he was looking for and turned to leave the room. In doing so, he was forced to pass close to a girl who had always manifested warm affection for him. At the moment, she was uncertain which of two cards to play and looked up into your grandfather's face, then pushed back the card in her hand, pulled out another, threw it on the table and took the trick. She never went so far as to say your grandfather shook his head at her but they all agreed that he was smiling when he left the room.

CHAPTER 46

A DEEP SORROW

Your grandfather's eldest son by his second marriage, Harris, had never cared anything for girls. However, when he was taken sick in a strange city, and his landlady and her daughter, both Virginians, nursed him so faithfully, it was but a natural result for him to fall in love with the daughter. Later on, the Bank in which he was an official, family and friends sent bridal presents. But the day before the appointed time for the marriage, Harris wrote that the bride-to-be had been taken sick and that the ceremony would have to be postponed.

From that time on, came different letters, some saying that the girl was better but that the big wedding had been abandoned and the couple would be married quietly at home. After much writing back and forth, your grandfather was told by Harris that the only Doctor attending the girl was an Uncle who had come from a distant State for that purpose. And that he, Harris, could get no satisfaction from him, either as to the disease from which the girl was suffering or the probable length of time before they could be married. When your grandfather heard that, he took the train, accompanied by his family physician, and soon reached Harris, whom he found to be on the eve of a nervous breakdown. Your grandfather's physician insisted on seeing the girl. Her mother was indignant, saying that it was a reflection on her brother who had come so far to take charge of the case.

But her opposition only strengthened your grandfather's suspicions. So, with Harris, he waited until his physician had made his visit. When the old Doctor entered the room, his face was drawn by sympathy. Putting his arms around Harris, he said, "You will never marry that girl my boy, for she is a lunatic." The girl was car-

ried to an asylum. It was then that your grandfather discovered that she was a close kinswoman of the girl whom he had wanted to marry so long ago and that she had suffered a six months attack several years before.

The shock was too much for Harris. His health gave way. He resigned his position in the Bank and went South to be with a favorite cousin. But a few months later, he came home to die. The day of the funeral was the worst of the Winter. There was snow and sleet; but nothing could have prevented friends from turning out in numbers, for the circumstances attending his illness and death were well known in Richmond.

CHAPTER 47

THE MOVE TO ASHLAND

When your grandfather was nearing his eightieth year, his wife and family began to urge him to retire, sell Forest Hill and move to Ashland. At first, he refused to even consider it, saying that there were still five good years work for him. As if to prove it, he carried head and shoulders more confidently than ever; but the long rides, in all sorts of weather, to Church and Post Office, began to tell on him. So, when it was pointed out that a younger man could do more work of a certain kind, he yielded to their wishes.

In selecting Ashland, they did a wise thing. Few places could have met the requirements of a man of your grandfather's temperament more fully. The cultural atmosphere of the R. and M. College seemed to permeate the larger number of homes in the little town. And to have Church, Post Office, and Railroad Station in easy walking distance was an indescribable relief. Men were beginning to make homes in Ashland and to do business in Richmond.

Those who were friends soon fell into the habit of stopping by to tell such an interested listener all that was happening in the City. He had a way of saying when something unusual was told him, "Is—it—possible?" Then he would launch out into an animated description of something even more wonderful to come. He saw the first sewing machine when it was on exhibition in Washington and came home full of the possibilities of there being no longer a "Song of the Shirt;" and, when friends disagreed, arguing that a machine would take the bread out of sewing women's mouths, he could not see it that way. He lived long enough to know that he had been right. Always, he was on the alert for something to happen that would be a blessing to mankind.

His chief pleasure was a visit to the home of his son Charles who was practicing law in Richmond. There, with his lovely daughter-in-law and his nine affectionate grandchildren, who were ever ready to do his bidding, many happy hours were passed. To be able to attend a missionary meeting, where it was no longer necessary to exhibit Chinese curios to secure a good congregation made his face glow with pride and pleasure. He had always been deeply interested in foreign missions but, during the early years of his ministry, it had been uphill work getting others interested.

His unusual physical buoyancy kept him keyed up, as it were, to everything that was going on in the world. He had never known but one headache. Then, he declared that he was dying. But, when relieved of pain, found himself enjoying a meal he seemed almost bewildered. That others could go on having headaches year in and year out and still enjoy life made him shake his head doubtingly and look as if he would like to say, "Not such a one as I had."

Although he was always ready to talk of old times, he never agreed that they could not have been bettered.

Among the many friends at Ashland, there was one family who stood out preeminently. A son of that family, Reverend Robert W. Patton, D. D., married your grandfather's great niece, the daughter of Reverend Frank Stringfellow. And another clergyman, Reverend William Alexander Barr, D. D., married her sister. Because they were not Stringfellows in name, they are not included in the five who are mentioned in the beginning of these "Tales." But they are members of the family which should really have seven clergymen to its credit. Not a bad showing!

The circumstances which led your Cousin Frank to enter the ministry would never have been known, for his lips were hermetically sealed to the day of his death; but, they leaked out through a member of the ladies' family. It seems that he came unexpectedly upon a squad of

the enemy and, seeing how greatly he was outnumbered, he decided to run for his life.

Just when he seemed to have drawn his last breath, he saw a house with front door standing open. He darted in, closed and locked it. One glance showed him that there was no place on the first floor where a man could hide, so he continued his flight. At the head of the stairs, was a room and, in it, sat a lady darning a table cloth. She took in the situation at once and told the stranger whose uniform she recognized, to crawl under her voluminous skirts. This he lost no time in doing, for a servant had opened the door and the soldiers were searching the lower rooms. The lady spread the table cloth over all and resumed her darning. When the enemy appeared, she so quickly convinced them that they were in the wrong house that they left as hurriedly as they had entered.

It was then that your Cousin Frank vowed a vow which he was not able to perform until many years after the war. The principle reason for the postponement was his wife's strenuous objection. Two of her sisters had married clergymen. Your Uncle Horace's wife was one and she told her husband that she had no mind to be at the beck and call of a congregation. Besides, she loved the country and was not willing to leave it. To overcome that, he promised that he would never accept work in a city. It was this promise that made him decline the call to B——. Having received his promise not to take her from the country and still not reconciled, she let fly her last arrow. He was not fitted to be a minister. He would be sure to say something from the pulpit that would make the children laugh and scandalize the congregation. Knowing that to be his weak point, he could only reply: "The Lord will have to restrain me." And so it came about that two members of the family entered the seminary when they had wives and children.

Telling of your Cousin Frank, brings to mind the fact that his son, John S., served as a Captain in the 320th Infantry, 80th or "Blue Ridge" Division. The Division was in action in the:

"Artois Sector," near Arras.

"The St. Mihiel Sector."

"The Meuse-Argonne Sector."

In each case it accomplished "its objective." This son says: "I also ran." It would seem as if it were a case of "Like father, like son." For your Cousin Frank did a good deal of running in the War between the States.

CHAPTER 48

FAREWELL

You may not all know that your Cousin Frank died suddenly of a heart attack while he was preparing to attend a service. The good he accomplished, much of it through Pastoral visiting, for, like your grandfather, he was a great believer in the "personal touch,"—will never be known until the deeds done in the body are summed up at the last Great Day.

The years that your grandfather spent in Ashland were years of unalloyed happiness. The generous but simple living of the Professors of the College set a pace which others were glad to follow. While there was much visiting, it was mostly among certain groups who found congeniality in each other. Your grandfather always had enjoyed good company and, in Ashland, there was much to his liking. His own beautiful dignity combined with a cheerful outlook on life, made him many friends.

His was a rare old age. Joy and Peace in believing,—radiated from his countenance and, during those last years, he mellowed like a winter apple.

One morning, he was reading his Bible when his daughter entered the room and placed her hand on his shoulder. With the smile he kept always ready for any evidence of affection, he looked up. But, when she asked him if he had ever had a doubt since he entered the ministry, the smile disappeared and, in a most solemn and emphatic manner, he answered. "Never. And if anyone would study this book as I have done, he would never have one either."

A week or two later, the same daughter was closing in the blinds of the sitting room window when she exclaimed at the beauty of the heavens where each star looked as if it had been polished. Her father had been dozing in his chair before the fire. But, when he heard what she said, he straightened up and said eagerly, "I hope they will be as bright when I pass through."

The following Sunday, he attended service morning and evening and up to Christmas Day brought the mail regularly. Christmas was so inclement that he was persuaded to remain at home. The next morning, he expressed a wish to be left alone. It was so unusual for him not to appear at breakfast that the doctor was sent for. After a talk with his patient, the family were told there was nothing that he could do. It seemed to be a complete breakdown of all the machinery, except the brain. His mind was so clear the doctor thought it would be the last to give way.

The children, all that could be reached, were sent for. As each one arrived, and entered the room, he expressed pleasure at seeing them but no surprise. No doubt, the Doctor had told him his true condition, for it was like your grandfather to want to know. Most of the day, he slept, waked up and asked for some little thing such as a glass of water.

When it was nearing nine o'clock, his wife and her daughter Mary Tennant, thinking the end had come, left the room but four grown children remained grouped about the bedside. One daughter held his hand. Suddenly, your grandfather opened his eyes. They were bright with excitement. "Beautiful, beautiful," he murmured, turning his head. "What is it you see that is beautiful?" asked a son who stood at the foot of the bed. In a tone of almost impatience, his father replied, "Why Charles, can't you see them! There, there," and he pointed to different sides of the room; called the name of his first wife and joined her.

His body was laid to rest in Hollywood, Richmond. his favorite hymn, "How Firm a Foundation is laid for your Faith in His Excellent Word!" was sung at the funeral service. If any of you children wish to know what that "Excellent Word" can do for a person, you have only to read and live, as your grandfather did, by the Holy Book.

THE END.

